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The Week-end Review

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De Gaulle's
Empty Victory

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Crossman On
The Two Germanys

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The Fruits of Neglect

On 15 February we may see last Monday's chaos in London repeated, in a greatly aggravated form, in every large city in Britain, while industry everywhere, deprived of its usual flow of coal, steel and other raw materials, may be facing a prospect of complete paralysis. There is still a chance that the NUR will abandon its threat, that negotiations between the TUC, the Transport Commission and the three railway unions will introduce some uneasy compromise, and that hostilities may be suspended until the Guillebaud Committee reports in April. If the strike does happen, the facile reaction will be fury with the strikers who cause us inconvenience and threaten our prosperity. But anger may too easily make us forget that the railways, which are our national concern, must have reached a pretty pass of neglect before the men are prepared to embark on so unpromising a policy.

The surface reason for the threat of the strike is that the members of the NUR insist on being paid a wage increase now rather than wait for a backdated award two months hence. The NUR is in fact trying to anticipate the findings of the Guillebaud Committee into the whole structure of railway wages, even though the other two railway unions are honouring their agreement to wait for its report. The NUR's excuse is that it is 16 months since the committee got under way; that the workers have had no wage increase for two years and that the present wages are a disgrace. They hold themselves morally free from the commitment to wait on the researches of so leisurely a committee. The pressure on Mr Greene from his underpaid union members has been intense; he has been resisting strike calls for the past six months. He has had at last to yield to pressure, and the general public is permitted to witness an unedifying inter-union squabble over 'differentials' in which two of the unions apparently prefer to turn down an interim wage offer. The result is that the railwaymen lose the public sympathy that is rightly theirs. But the middle-class public cannot ignore the fact that the basic wage of a top-rate driver is £11 9s 0d; and that of the highest class of signalmen £11 3s 0d. Such figures are the hard facts behind the strike.

No strike or wage compromise will remove the root causes of trouble. The Guillebaud report may possibly help the Transport Commission to make the workers' wages tolerable and even to sustain differentials in a fashion satisfactory to each union's just claims and *amour propre*. Even so, the question will remain whether the three unions can be persuaded to combine, distasteful though the idea may be to the two smaller ones. On the other hand, the Commission may not be able to meet the workers' reasonable claims. Some Tory quarters are already crying the wolf of inflation; the nation, it seems, will be ruined if railwaymen's wages are substantially increased. And here we reach the basic trouble on the railways, the cause from which the unions' quarrels and the public's discontent spring – the government's attitude towards the most vital of our industries.

So long as the railways are seen through a mystical haze of free-enterprise theory, and are expected both to pay their way during the period of modernisation and at the same time to shell out to old shareholders, so long will their plight grow worse, so long will disaffected workers seek other jobs and customers rage furiously.

The government, on behalf of the nation, must decide whether an efficient railway service is essential for the country's prosperity. If so, it must make the capital necessary to modernise them available on terms that do not cripple them while the improvements are being made. They should be free of interest demands until they are electrified. Wages comparable with those in other industries could then be paid and there would be a chance of working out a national scheme in which all branches of transport were coordinated. If such an obviously commonsense decision had been taken at any time during the last 12 months, no strike would be threatened today.

Comments on the Week's News

The Meeting in Moscow

The absence of the Chinese leaders from this week's top-level get-together of Russia and her satellites – despite the presence of delegates from as far afield as Outer Mongolia and North Korea – has occasioned some speculation among both diplomats and journalists. Self-deception, however, is temptingly easy on the general theme of breaches between Russia and China. In so far as the Moscow gathering is a 'little Summit' whose resolutions are to form the backbone of Mr Krushchev's Summit brief, the presence of Chou En-lai could reasonably be held to be somewhat inappropriate. That sort of working party would need to be authoritatively directed by Krushchev and there is no reason to think that Chou En-lai had any particular desire to attend it on terms of equality with, say, the Poles and the Albanians. A more probable arrangement from every point of view is that, after the present meeting, Krushchev will meet Chou in private to outline his proposed course of action at the Summit. It may well be that he prefers not to undertake such a meeting until he has been fortified by the combined 'will' of the Russian satellites. In so far as the present meeting is in part a superstructure to the agricultural conference which was already in progress, the absence of the Chinese again seems predictable: their problems and their methods of solving them are widely different from those of the European Communist countries; and even Outer Mongolia and North Korea have so far tended to conform more to the Soviet pattern.

Kenya Pattern Emerging

With Mr Macleod's speech on Monday the pattern of the Kenya Conference has begun to take its first vague outline. It is now clear that the Conference is engaged on a highly artificial task. No one really doubts that Kenya Africans are as capable of exercising the vote as their neighbours in other parts of East Africa. There may be some little more doubt about whether there are as yet sufficient Africans capable of holding efficiently all the ministerial portfolios, but to progress to this point should not take any longer experience than in Uganda or Tanganyika. Yet it is extremely unlikely that universal adult suffrage with responsible government will be agreed on in the Conference. The simple reason is that the two major minority groups, European and Asian (and particularly the former), have exercised such a strong political and economic influence on the country that they are not prepared for a sudden surrender of all power to the Africans. Thus, unless there is to be a profound upheaval of life in Kenya, some transitional period for the transference of power has to be sought. Mr Macleod and his adviser, Professor Mackenzie, see this problem clearly. They therefore hope to secure sufficient agreement from the various racial groups to enable the next four years to be spent in conditioning the minorities to the inevitability of African government. Their plan is to divide representation into three parts, with different franchise arrangements for each. The retention of some communal seats elected separately by each racial group would allow universal suffrage to be granted to the Africans on the same basis as the other races. But, when the common roll is introduced, a qualitative franchise is thought to be necessary. Qualifications can allow the minorities to exercise any influence only if they are so high as to exclude the vast majority of Africans. So the proposal has been made that, in addition to a roll with high qualifications, there shall be another for which the qualifications are much lower. The main object is to get Europeans accustomed to voting for Africans and *vice versa*. Such proposals, of course, seem to many Europeans to be a 'sell out', whilst they fall far short of the African demand for universal suffrage and responsible government this year. It thus seems likely that only the Asians will give any genuine support to Mr Macleod's policy.

The Kerala Problem

The prophecy that the Kerala Communists would benefit by Delhi's decision to end civil disturbances in Kerala by direct presidential rule has been falsified. In a record poll the Communist Party has increased its vote, but gone down heavily to a much larger combined Congress, Socialist and Muslim vote. The able Communist leader, Mr Namboodiripad, has retained his seat, but five of his former colleagues have been ousted. Given a combination of the anti-Communists, this result was to be expected; the Communists won last time because Congress was corrupt and incompetent and at loggerheads with the other anti-Communist parties. The question now is whether this diverse group, dominated by Catholics, but including Muslims, Socialists and others, will keep together, avoid the scandals of the past, and find an economic policy for Kerala. The essential problem is to devise an economic policy to cure unemployment, particularly among the clerically educated, in a literate state which suffers from ever-increasing over-population.

Israel Strikes Again

The Israelis should have no difficulty in explaining their assault, last Sunday night, on the village of Teoufik in the de-militarised zone east of the Sea of Galillee. The village has been fortified by the Syrian Army in flagrant violation of the Armistice agreement, and some 750 Israeli complaints have been addressed to the mixed armistice commission and found substantiated. Since the middle of December, Syrian soldiers have again been active in the area and there has been a number of serious incidents, including exchanges of artillery fire. The decision to destroy the village was taken by the Israeli Cabinet, following a full report by Mr Ben-Gurion. In view of the repeated provocations, and the failure of the United Nations to restrain the Syrians, it is easy to find excuses for the Israeli decision to take action. At the same time, its ruthlessness must cause some disquiet among Israel's friends. It appears to reflect the new 'hard' mood in Israel, which found expression in the Sinai campaign of 1956 and which has recently been so clearly endorsed by the Israeli electorate. Those in Israel who believe that the Arabs respect only force, and that negotiation (though desirable) is useless, seem to be getting the upper hand. It may be, in the short run, that their views make sense. Certainly, it is intolerable that Israeli irrigation and agricultural schemes should be hampered by constant sniping, and that her export trade should be restricted by the Egyptian refusal to allow transit through Suez even of foreign ships carrying Israeli cargoes. But the constant resort to force as the final arbiter cannot in the long run benefit a state dedicated to an ideal, and so dependent on international opinion.

Carlton School Lessons

There is a fairly constant and difficult minority among the boys – and among the girls – in our 117 Approved Schools, and it does untold harm to the purposes the schools are supposed to serve. Improved staffing would reduce it to a minimum (no one supposes that it can ever be eliminated); but it is manifest from the report by Mr Victor Durand QC on the Carlton School disturbances last August that it is of little use blaming the staffs. Recent attempts to improve the system of 'classification' for training have come up against certain limitations in the quality of training available, itself a reflection of the crowded conditions in the schools. It is too easy, also, to blame the Home Office, which would depend for the suggested developments in Approved School treatment – and even for the feasibility of lowering the Borstal age from 16 to 15 – on the enlistment of public sympathy for the spending of money and the acquisition of suitable buildings. The most urgent needs meanwhile are more pay and better conditions for housemasters, closer and more regular liaison between managers and staff, and an official handbook for management committees 'giving them information', as Mr Durand urges, 'about the Approved School service'.

Bottom People

Audrey Harvey's Fabian tract *Casualties of the Welfare State* should be required reading for anyone who believes that no one is poor in Britain now. From her work in a poor area of London and conversations with thousands of others living in wretched conditions, she has assembled detail which offers a striking comment on our booming society, where, it is supposed, all problems are those of affluence. 'Top people,' as she points out, we hear a great deal about. The poor are the bottom people, the implication often being that this is their own fault. In 1958 over one million national assistance payments were made. There are five million people waiting for council houses, two million urgently in need. The present number of unfit houses inhabited by people with nowhere to turn for help is believed to be 700,000. Illness and old age can still mean hard poverty for hundreds of thousands of people. Mrs Harvey recommends the government restoring housing subsidies to local authorities and a big council-house building programme. A more generous interpretation of national assistance regulations would help the poor. 'We have been deluded into thinking not only that we have already achieved a welfare state – whereas improved standards of living are due rather to full employment – but that it is second to none.'

News from Our Own Correspondents

Tunis

The All-African Conference

A Special Correspondent Writes: Two things emerged from the second All-African Peoples Conference, which met last week in Tunis: first that Africa is less willing than ever to compromise; and secondly that the independent states are sensibly beginning to realise that political integration is the last and not the first step towards unifying the continent. In the final resolutions far greater emphasis was placed on the need to facilitate contact at all levels than on the ways and means of creating political federations.

Representation varied. There were strong delegations from the governing parties and trade unions of the United Arab Republic, Morocco, Ghana, Guinea and Tunisia and from the main African political organisations in Kenya, Tanganyika, Zanzibar, the Congo and the Somalis. Central and South Africa were represented in the main by political exiles. Three delegates from Nyasaland were unable to get passports. No representatives came from the governing parties of Nigeria, the Cameroons Republic, Togoland, Sudan or Libya. French-speaking black Africa was represented only by Guinea, a strong delegation from the banned Union of the Peoples of the Cameroons and a scattering of delegates from the opposition parties.

The aim of the first All-African Conference at Accra was to organise 'the African non-violent revolution.' The Tunis resolutions were much more militant: the conference urged the African peoples to intensify the struggle for independence, called for volunteers to serve with the FLN in Algeria, and approved the setting up of an organisation to channel aid from the independent territories to the nationalist movements. Independence, the conference asserted, was a right to be taken, if necessary by force, not a privilege to be negotiated. This change in attitude was due partly to the speed of events in the last 14 months, partly to the strength of the Arab delegations, but primarily to the psychological impact of the FLN and to the powerful oratory of the leader of the Algerian delegation, Ahmed Boumendjel. The President of the Tunisian Republic, Habib Bourguiba, himself set the tone in his opening speech, when he stated that all roads leading to independence were equally valid and equally respectable and that in the end it was only the results which counted.

The conference was not only concerned with the grant of political independence. Speaker after speaker pointed the dangers of 'neo-colonialism' and the continued economic and cultural dependence of African territories on the European world. Many of the resolutions urged African countries to withdraw their contacts with Europe and begin to build the African personality. The question (which at one time threatened to split the conference) – whether member organisations of the All-African Trade Union Federation should be allowed to keep their international affiliations – was left to the decision of the African trade union conference which is to meet in Casablanca in May.

Perhaps more surprising – and again in marked contrast to the Accra conference – was the absence of any resolution making specific proposals for the creation of a United States of Africa. This constituted a defeat for the leader of the Ghana delegation, Kojo Botsio; but the mood of the majority of countries, independent and dependent, was clear. Habib Bourguiba spoke for many when he stated that to attempt political integration before the economic, social and political institutions of the individual countries were stable, would be to invite chaos. The resolutions advocated the exchange of teachers, students, agriculturalists, doctors and technical experts, the co-ordination of economic and financial policy and foreign affairs, the abolition of visa control and the creation of all-African transport companies.

The conference, after a shaky start, achieved an unexpected show of harmony, and the various contentious issues were carefully smoothed over. A new steering committee of 22 was elected and the general-secretary, Abdoullaye Diallo of Guinea, was confirmed in his post. The conference agreed to meet again in Cairo, in January 1961. The power and potential of Pan-Africanism is obvious, and the effect of this kind of conference on individual Africans all over the continent, incalculable. It remains to be seen whether the steering committee and the secretariat are effective enough to implement the resolutions.

Basutoland

The Background to Macmillan

Mr Macmillan, having evaded press questions on the possible transfer of the three British Protectorates in South-west Africa to a South African Republic, has now paid his ceremonial visit to Basutoland. Last week Mr Ntsu Mokhehle, whose Basutoland Congress Party won a decisive victory in last month's first indirect elections to the new Basutoland National Council, was playing a leading part in the Tunis meetings of the All-African People's Convention. The difference is not only one of emphasis, but one of outlook. Mokhehle and his lieutenants see Basutoland as part of a continent on the march, whilst its British administration frames policy with both eyes on the surrounding Union of South Africa. Basutoland is a miserably poor country, and to-day's economic realities are with the British administration. This Basuto politicians, in not pressing for independence, have realised. Mokhehle himself has stated that, with the Union in its present mood, 'a little Ghana in Basutoland would not last a day'.

But what he does plan is to gain the reality of complete internal self-government – the new constitution grants only a limited degree – whilst using Britain as a financial crutch and as a political shield against South Africa. Meanwhile the administration is already working out a training scheme in anticipation of the demands which will be made for the Africanisation of the senior civil service. Much has been done in the junior grades, but the Congress Party has already attacked the recommendations of the recently published Surridge Report, which would perpetuate what can only be seen as racial salary differentials. Then, too, an attack has already been launched on the gross disproportion between government expenditure on the education of white and Basuto children.

Almost all of the former go to an all-white, government-financed Primary school in Maseru, and none attend secondary schools in the territory. White officials are given grants which makes this possible. With shrewd realism, the Congress Party has now called for the ending of these grants and for the establishment of a first-rate, multi-racial Secondary school in Basutoland 'to show the whole of South Africa how we can work a multi-racial society'.

Despite this call, there are signs that the Congress Party is promoting African nationalism. Basutoland's present advance can fairly be ascribed to the fact that, unlike in Bechuanaland and Swaziland, no whites may own land here, and no Mosuto would consider changing this. Now that Constantine Bereng Seiso, who has been reading Politics, Philosophy and Economics at Oxford, has successfully pressed his claim for immediate installation as Paramount Chief, the Congress's 30 members in the 80-man National Council will find backing from his 36 nominees. Although he has given no indication of his political views, the administration, which largely works through the Paramount, will find this obviously sensitive and intelligent young man a vastly different proposition from his elderly, conservative and poorly-educated aunt, who has been Regent for 18 years.

In the end, however, everything reverts to Basutoland's poverty. Only the export of its labour to South Africa's mines keeps the territory anywhere within sight of solvency, and it seems unlikely that it has any mineral resources other than some diamonds.

It does, however, have exceptionally good water resources for hydro-electric schemes, and this brings one to the fundamental assumption underlying the British administration's policies. Two hydro-electric schemes have been mooted. The smaller of these, the Ox-Bow scheme, would cost only some £14 million, and its first phase, which would greatly exceed Basutoland's immediately foreseeable needs, would cost only some £2½ million. The administration's attitude is that any such scheme must be commercially viable, and the only customer who could guarantee in advance to buy the power and water involved is the Union of South Africa. This it will not do, even though the Ox-Bow scheme could provide clean water to the thirsty Orange Free State at less than a third of its present price there.

It is clear that if Basutoland's economic advancement is made dependent on the Union's Nationalist government, the territory will continue to stagnate. Its politically ambitious and active African leadership, frustrated by economic barriers, may well become embittered. They will blame Britain for not being prepared to spend even £2½ million in order to provide the prerequisite for economic, and therefore social, advancement, and for their long-range hopes of effective independence from South Africa. Congress leaders in fact want to make Basutoland a sounding-board for pan-African nationalism in the very heart of the Union and, as with Mrs Mafeking, a 'Jerusalem for refugees from Nationalist oppression'.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

NEXT WEEK

Cartoon Competition

The judges' report on our Cartoon Competition will be published next week.

Westminster

Asking for Leave

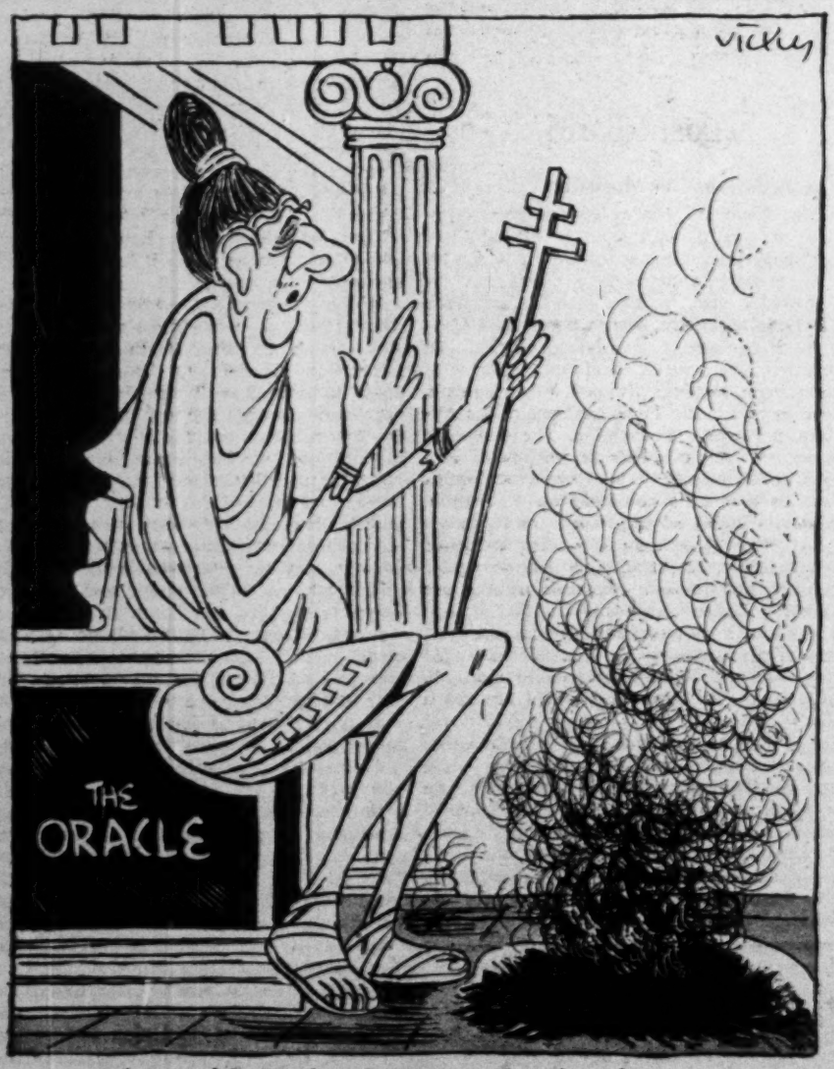
Sir Leslie Plummer spent 14 minutes under the 'Ten-minute Rule' last Tuesday in asking the leave of the House of Commons to do something which he could have done anyhow without asking the leave of anyone. If this sounds like a considerable waste of public time, read on.

Officially Sir Leslie wanted to introduce his Racial and Religious Insults Bill which would make it an offence to insult publicly or conspire to insult publicly any person or persons because of their race or colour. He could have done this merely by putting a motion on the order paper and handing a dummy bill to the clerk at the beginning of public business on the following day. But under this procedure he would not have been allowed to make a speech. If he had balloted for a place in private members time and come up lucky in the draw, he would probably have had the chance to make a speech, but his audience, on a Friday when most members want to be off, would have been surprisingly large at 20. So he chose the procedure under Standing Order 12 which allows backbenchers on Tuesdays and Wednesdays to make a short speech, after questions on some bill, formally asking permission to introduce it. Even if permission is granted, the chances of the bill receiving even a second reading are slight – since every other private members bill already on the order paper takes precedence – and its chances of becoming law are negligible. True Mr Roy Jenkins's Obscene Publications Bill began under Standing Order 12, but its progress was facilitated, to say the least, by the skilful activities of Sir Alan Herbert about the time of the East Harrow by-election.

There is, however, one great advantage about proceeding under Standing Order 12 – that, immediately after questions the House is likely to be full. Indeed when a division has occasionally followed a speech under the order, the average vote has been around 400, which is at least twice the average vote on an ordinary private members day. Even this advantage has some snags, as Sir Leslie found. He was called just after Mr Iain Macleod had announced a judicial inquiry into the Blantyre incident and, as always after an important statement, there was a disconcerting buzz in the chamber as members commented to each other or began to move off for a cup of tea. 'The House will be aware . . . ,' Sir Leslie began; but we never knew of what the House was aware, since a large part of it was busy leafing through the amendments to the Local Employment Bill, which was the next business, or handing in questions for next week to the clerk at the table or, most urgent of all, trying to fix pairs for later that evening. 'I know,' went on Sir Leslie, 'that the Home Secretary is much concerned . . .'; but he was the only one who did know, for the Home Secretary, though sitting on the front bench, was wholly absorbed in conversation with the government Chief Whip. For some minutes it looked as if, after all, Sir Leslie would have done better to try his luck on a Friday; for even if the House would have been almost empty then, it would at least have been silent.

But by and by, the House settled. Even the melodious and calculated murmurings of Sir Thomas Moore were stilled; and when Sir Leslie finished his speech, not one voice was raised to deny him the permission he sought. What had it all achieved? By this use of a seemingly useless standing order, and by the skill and sincerity of his presentation, Sir Leslie induced the House of Commons, at a moment when the subject is uncomfortably alive, to pass unanimously what amounts to a condemnation of the wrong-headed, demented or evil people who stir racial or religious hatreds. A considerable waste of time? It was a considerable parliamentary achievement.

J. P. W. Mallalieu



'. . . and I give the Algerian people a free choice so long as they choose a French solution.'

Fleet Street

Bad Times

I have several times commented in this column on the odd but undoubtedly significant attitude of *The Times* in its reporting of South African affairs. Much of its reporting of Mr Macmillan's African tour seems to me, I am sorry to say, to have been equally odd and significant. There was first the notorious case of the riot at Blantyre. Of this the *Daily Mail's* special correspondent wrote in a vivid account: 'I watched a sickening spectacle today: a riot provoked by senior British police officers outside an hotel where Mr Macmillan was attending a luncheon.' And he went on to describe in detail how he, along 'with the whole of the international press corps,' had watched a senior white police officer strike Africans across their stomachs with a cane, knee them in the groin, and deliberately stamp on women's bare feet. In a leader on the same day headed 'Police State,' the *Mail* did not mince its words. Demanding an immediate inquiry it declared bitterly that this story of brutality must shame everyone, and that some white policemen in Nyasaland seemed to be trying their best to justify the Devlin Commission's description of it as a police state. Every other newspaper with a special correspondent covering the tour reported in similar terms and with equally shocking detail – except *The Times*. The *Guardian*, it is true, did not give the same full details as most of the others. But inexplicably the *Guardian* has not sent its own correspondent to cover this tour. It has, as it made clear in a leader the following day, had to depend on Reuters. And Reuters, for whose general service I have a high respect, has almost as many inhibitions on African matters as *The Times*, possibly because of its close links with the South African Press Association. Some of its reporting of the tour has, as in its coverage at Blantyre, been far from satisfactory, a matter Mr Walton Cole, its General Manager, should look into without delay if he wishes to preserve the Reuter reputation of reliability and impartiality.

The *Guardian* has no cause for satisfaction in this matter; but at least it had some excuse.

The Times has none. It had its own special correspondent on the spot, and, since what happened took place with 'the whole of the international press corps looking on,' it seems inconceivable that the full facts were not available in *The Times* office. If so, they were not passed on to its readers. There was no word in its report, headlined 'Howling Crowd Greets Mr Macmillan: Blantyre Africans Break Cordon,' to suggest that European police officers had provoked the riot. The whole emphasis was the other way. As the official party arrived, readers of *The Times* were told, the crowd 'set up a prolonged growling cry' and soon 'stones and mud were flying as the police reserves moved in.' Soon, it continued, the police – of whom not one word of criticism was made – was 'holding the crowd back with difficulty'; and it added complacently that, although in the scuffle one or two Africans were knocked down, 'no one was seriously hurt.' It was all, *Times* readers could comfortably assume, the fault of a few hysterical natives who were handled firmly and sensibly. And whereas other newspapers supplemented their reports with vivid photographs of demonstrators being manhandled with obvious force by European police officers, *The Times* chose to publish a peaceful crowd scene captioned: 'Police keeping demonstrators in check in Blantyre.' Nor at any stage since has it, like most newspapers, made any leader comment of any kind on the matter. In view of all the evidence – including that given in newspapers certainly as Conservative and at least as 'responsible' as *The Times* – if this is not partial reporting, then I do not know what is.

But to continue with the tour, and Mr Macmillan's arrival in Cape Town. Let me quote the *Daily Telegraph* and, again, the *Daily Mail*, which, although their standards of reporting in such matters seems currently higher than those of *The Times*, cannot be regarded even in Printing House Square as harbourers of left-wing bias. The most significant fact about the reception of the Prime Minister, reported by Peregrine Worsthorne in the *Daily Telegraph*, was the fact that it was 'the whitest of white welcomes' and that all non-Europeans had been rigorously excluded from having any part in it: 'there was not a black object in sight . . . even the attendant standing by to brush the red carpet was white.' He declared that Mr Macmillan himself was now becoming seriously disturbed by the South Africans' refusal to let him meet members of the African Congress Party. On the same day the *Mail* published an outspoken dispatch from Henry Fairlie, reporting that responsible critics, among them the Bishop of Johannesburg, were 'anguished with disappointment at the encouragement which Mr Macmillan has seemed to give to the Nationalist government and the slap in the face which he has given to those who year in year out have fought to temper its extremism.' What of this has been conveyed in *The Times*? Practically nothing except for one reference on a subsidiary newspage on Monday saying that the programme arranged for the Prime Minister was 'not altogether in accord with his own wishes,' but that as a guest of the Union government, if his requests were met with opposition from that source, 'he cannot but accept its decision.' Its report of his arrival in Cape Town made no reference to the absolute exclusion of non-whites, which struck the *Daily Telegraph* as the most significant thing about it, but recounted only that there had been a tumultuous welcome by 'a large and cheerful crowd.' *The Times* believes itself to be, and is thought by many to be, the greatest newspaper in the world and a trustworthy historical record of the world's news. I cannot feel that it is living up to its standards.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

De Gaulle's Empty Victory

FOR a bare 24 hours, it almost seemed like a miracle. General de Gaulle's firm speech had sufficed to re-establish the authority of the state and to persuade the Army to obey orders. The same officers who, only the evening before, had been fraternising with the insurgents and putting pressure on General Challe to cover the revolt with his authority, had now decided to do their duty. The transformation was indeed spectacular, and testified to the irresistable magic of the General's voice and personality. Frenchmen everywhere relaxed. The army's submission reassured them that the collusion between the parachutists and the extremists was not, in reality, very durable, and that their fear was misplaced. And so, having convinced themselves that a new '13 May' would not take place, and that no army leader was prepared to give open support to the revolt, they were full of gratitude towards de Gaulle for having delivered them from the nightmare of civil war.

At mid-day on Monday, however, there was a further *coup de théâtre* in Algiers. Although his headquarters were surrounded by troops – parachutists and Foreign Legionaries brought specially from the Kabyle – M. Ortiz, together with his chief lieutenants, succeeded in escaping. As for M. Lagaillarde, he was allowed to march out from his 'fortress', bearing arms, at the head of his troops, with flags flying. Some reports claimed he was even given military honours by the parachutists. According to an official source, this gesture was the result of negotiations between the army and the rebels. The official communiqué published in Algiers was studiously vague about the future of the insurgents – whom de Gaulle himself had described publicly as 'liars and conspirators, guilty of an outrage against the French state'. It said, without giving details, that they would be enlisted in the Legion for active service in the *djebel*.

In Paris, this news was received with consternation, rather than relief. Nobody here wanted to see more blood spilt, or the rebels crushed by force. But equally, nobody wanted them to get off scot free. Was this curious solution the result of an illicit compromise between the army and the rebels, who, though on opposite sides of the barricades, subscribed to the same slogan – *l'Algérie française*? This was the question asked by *Le Monde*, which warned: 'No man of honour would have admitted that this tragedy could end in comedy, and that, after being defied, the state would be ridiculed'. It is very difficult to believe that the army allowed Ortiz to abscond with de Gaulle's blessing, still less that they received instructions to salute Lagaillarde. On the contrary there is reason to believe that the news provoked one of those furious bursts of anger for which the General is now becoming notorious. It may well be that he also is inclined to take a different view of the army's return to loyalty, now that the details of the 'surrender' are known. The fact that the parachutist commanders were prepared to interpret their instructions to suit their own political inclinations showed that they do not fear dismissal or degradation. True, they dissociated themselves from the rebels – but in their own way, not in de Gaulle's.

Indeed, it is already clear that de Gaulle's speech alone was not the decisive force in swinging the army round. A few hours before he made it, he sent General Ely to Algeria for a series of lengthy discussions with the very officers who, according to the hysterical and accidental revelations of M. Delouvrier, tried to force General Challe into defying the government. Ely had explained that an open mutiny would lead to a split within the army just as deep as in 1940, when some officers followed de Gaulle while the majority remained with Pétain. But the Chief of Staff was also obliged to make some promises. One of them was made public by de Gaulle himself: the army is to remain in Algeria and will take part in the referendum which will decide the country's future. This in itself is a major concession; but is it the only one?

In Paris there is great doubt on this point. Even among de Gaulle's most fervent supporters, it is admitted that some sort of bargain was struck at this meeting. They do not consider it of great importance because, they claim, de Gaulle regards it simply as a manoeuvre to frustrate the conspiracy (if a political and military alliance arranged virtually in public can so be called) and to save his regime. Once things are normal again, they add, de Gaulle will take his revenge on the extremists, whether politicians or officers. The General, say the liberal Gaullists, is well aware of the damage his prestige has suffered. Lagaillarde was brought back to Paris, bound hand and foot, on his personal orders, and this is only a beginning. He is going to trace the revolt to its sources and punish its real instigators.

This, of course, seems logical. It is also in character. De Gaulle does not forgive easily, as he showed when purging the Pétainists. Unfortunately, logic and the General's temperament do not quite square with the facts which, so far, do not indicate any serious resolve to get at the root of the matter. On Monday afternoon, the government decided to summon parliament and request the special powers provided under Article 38 of the constitution, which would allow it to legislate by decree for a limited period. The effect of this must inevitably be to strengthen the hands of M. Debré, who did not reveal himself, during the crisis, as an out-and-out opponent of the insurgents, to put it mildly. On the contrary, as M. André Chênebenoit put it in *Le Monde*, 'How can the state exert its authority when the opinions the prime ministers held yesterday are today echoed from the lips of the extremists?'

Worse still. Supposing it is decided to make an example of Lagaillarde? What is to prevent him from revealing his accomplices in high places (including the government itself) and furnishing the proofs of their guilt? It is no secret that senior officers were kept informed of his preparations, that they encouraged him and supplied him with arms. The tentacles of the conspiracy stretch too far for it to be unravelled with the aid of those who helped to compose it. It is no exaggeration to say that more than half of the members of the government – which it is now proposed to invest with dictatorial powers to protect the republic – were involved with Lagaillarde in the 13 May *coup*. If anyone doubts this, let

them read the Brombergers' *Les Treize Complots du Treize Mai* or the personal account of one of the leading conspirators, Alain de Serigny, both of which are freely on sale.

The crisis demonstrated the degree to which a part of the army and the government is now controlled by Fascist elements. De Gaulle was able to reject the more extreme demands of his allies of the 13 May, and to refuse to make France into a colony of Algiers, because he had the backing of French opinion and because the dissident officers hesitated. But there is no evidence that he is any stronger as a result of his 'victory' or freer to pursue his own policies. For although we do not know whether or what conditions were laid down when Ely met the Algerian commanders, we do know – and this is significant – that de Gaulle felt himself unable to ask for the dictatorial powers which the President is allowed to assume under Article 16 of the constitution. On the contrary, despite all the rumours that he would get rid of Debré and various other 'suspect' ministers, he has now in fact strengthened their position by allowing them to invoke Article 38.

In short, the crisis in France and Algeria will fester unresolved so long as de Gaulle remains the ally of the politicians and officers who brought him to power, but whose ultimate loyalty is to the *colons*. There is an alternative for him. He can turn instead to those whose political interests are not involved with the continuation of the war and the supression of French democracy. On Monday, the success of the general strike gave us a glimpse – if a superficial one – of the strength and potential unity of this alternative. But there is no sign as yet that de Gaulle is prepared to make such a choice, or even that he admits its existence. His 'victory' may well strengthen his conviction that he can continue to make policy, without bothering about those charged with executing it. The illusions remain, while we wait for the next outbreak.

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

MR GAITSKELL'S obsession – no milder word is apt – with the notion of changing the Labour Party's constitution may, quite literally, kill the Party. Even among those who agree with him about nationalisation, few, I think, share his illusions about Clause 4. People who have studied the matter tell me that there is no evidence that this clause played any serious part in the electoral defeat. Nor, if Mr Gaitskell were to get his way, would Labour be under any less compulsion to re-define its policy about nationalisation. It would still have to decide which industries to take over, and what form of nationalisation – there are many – is appropriate to each case; then – if it is to have a hope of winning – it must explain to the electorate why public is better than private enterprise in any chosen sector of the economy. As things are going, it looks as if it may spend these precious years of opposition in a sterile exercise in casuistry, which already utterly bores everyone except, I suppose, Mr Gaitskell.

* * *

If you doubt this, just consider the timetable. Gaitskell postponed his last week's motion to remove Clause 4 because of Nye's illness; even if the same procedure is not repeated on the next occasion (16 March), it is doubtful whether the constituency parties and the Trade Unions (with their complex constitutions) can have all reached decisions before the next Annual Conference. So in any case a year, and very likely two years, will have been wasted by Mr Gaitskell's obstinacy. Moreover, he must know that he has very little chance of winning. I cannot learn that any of the leader's colleagues at the top of the Party agree with him that this wearisome controversy can be worth while, and I'm sure that a majority of Labour MPs, as well as Labour workers in the country, disagree with the whole operation. Trade Unionists and individual members of the Party alike know that Socialism (which must by definition include national ownership) is a fundamental tenet without which the Party has no special reason to exist. If Mr Gaitskell persists, he will really 'split' the Party from top to bottom.

* * *

Unlike most politicians, Mr Macmillan is a great learner; he learns by travelling and he is prepared, even at a political cost, to speak out. He returned from India appreciating Nehru's position; from Russia talking of co-existence, even disengagement, and espousing a Summit conference; in Africa he has felt the 'wind of change blowing through the continent'. In Cape Town he has proclaimed the rights of man, including black man, to an audience of South Africans whose government denies all civil rights to black men. He has complained that he has been prevented from meeting the leaders of African nationalism. Since Moscow's strongest weapon is the repudiation of racialism, *apartheid* must breed Communism, and South Africa's refusal to recognise the facts of African nationism therefore imperils, he says 'the precarious balance of East and West on which the peace of the world depends'. These affirmations of faith will bring hope and joy to millions who have feared that a Tory Britain would desert black Africa. The repercussions in East and Central Africa must be great. Some of us have been saying just these things week by week and year by year. As if by a miracle, the leader of the Tory Party has decided that we were right.

* * *

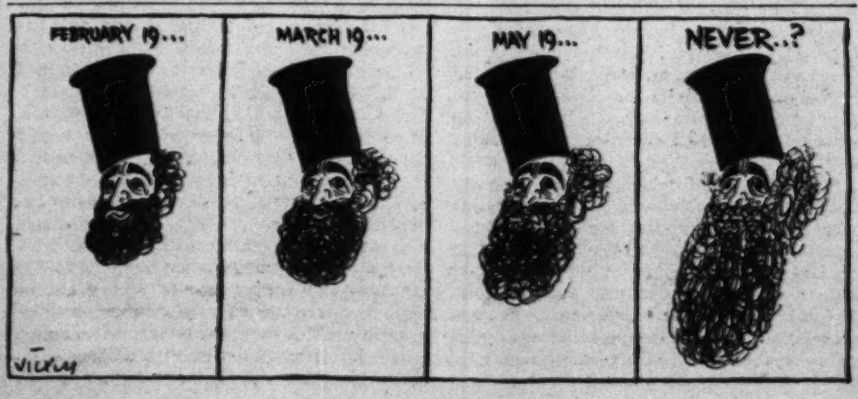
Some members (I think particularly the Russians) of the 'foothills conference' now meeting in London believe in repeating in loud terms that disarmament is important. Confronted with the spectacle of Mr Duncan Sandys and Mr George Brown in this country and of military experts in America who talk hopefully about overtaking the USSR in the arms race, such propagandist tactics are intelligible. But in fact the British public, as a whole, is against spending more money on arms that it can help, in much the same sense that Mr Coolidge was said to be against sin. For that reason most of the members of this unusual gathering, widely international and stretching, as far as the English team is concerned, from Noel-Baker and Dalton, on the one hand, to Zilliacus and Sidney Silverman, on the other, are anxious to use the opportunity to discuss the economic and political effects of disarmament; it presents quite different problems for countries with overseas possessions, for countries without them and for Communist countries. Meanwhile, it is important that the Labour Party is now seriously opposing the nuclear armament of West Germany.

* * *

It is surely all wrong that Anthony Eden should be able to give his own account of the Suez affair, quoting documents at his own discretion, without anyone being able authoritatively to contradict him, except Eisenhower whose memory is not very good. After the first world war Lloyd George of course had the bright idea of publishing his war memoirs based on his own collection of official documents and telling anyone in the government who objected to go to hell or prosecute if they dared. He once told me how this happened. 'As a solicitor', he said, ' I had a habit of keeping documents. There was no time to sort them, so I just dropped everything into boxes and carted them off home. There were so many of them that they took years to sort out afterwards.' The Communist government in Moscow is responsible for a lot of our historical knowledge. They published all the pre-1914 Tsarist documents and so forced the hands of other European governments. Perhaps Nasser will similarly blow the gaff by publishing his views on Suez. One other public figure I know played a neat trick recently. He allowed a friend and admirer to publish his biography on the basis of his private official papers which he then deposited in the British Museum so that no one can look at them for another 50 years.

* * *

Few people, even Burmese, have ever heard tell of Burma's icy mountains; they have been explored by Kingdon-Ward and Captain Bailey and no doubt a few others. Some day, after further survey, the Chinese and Burmese will no doubt agree about where, in these inaccessible regions, the frontier, now called the McMahon Line, has been, is or will be drawn. The immediate settlement gives the Burmese the Namwan Assigned Tract, a loop of land for the lease of which the British used to pay 1,000 rupees a year to China. Chou En-lai on his side gets the three Kachin villages which he demanded from Premier U Nu at the end of 1956. Discussions about these villages have been going on ever since. Why do the Chinese want them? For the coffin wood – the Chinese have always loved big coffins – which float down the river? Is



it because the villages are, according to a friend of mine who knows them, surpassingly beautiful? I suppose it may be because they are strategically important, that is because the Chinese might conceivably build a new road where for centuries muleteers have passed backwards and forwards? Prestige may be the most important factor. When a British officer occupied these Kachin villages in 1911 – they were then neither Chinese nor British – the Chinese protested, repeated their protests, and included them in their maps. Once again the settlement seems all right – provided it is a settlement and the end of China's territorial demands.

* * *

What, bottle throwing and fighting at a test match! Spectators led from a cricket field with bloodied heads! Incredible, you may say, and the press – to quote some examples – uses such phrases as 'pitiful', 'shaming', 'West Indies cricket in disgrace'. But would the comments have been the same if the game had not been cricket? These wild scenes hit at the heart of English notions of the gentlemanly sporting spirit. Cricket of course has had its troubles before, and I recall that the bodyline row in Australia almost caused a Commonwealth crisis. And in Trinidad you had a hot, overcrowded collection of excitable people, already angry that their local fast bowler, Gilchrist, was not selected to play; they were also stung by the attacks by British journalists on West Indian bowling tactics. So it is not very surprising that they were roused when another local hero was given run-out for a duck in his first test match! But their anger was never directed at the MCC team, which suggests that they are rather less lacking in sporting spirit than the crowds at some British football matches, where the referee would sometimes have liked to have a revolver. Perhaps the best way to look at the whole affair is to remember that cricket is the football of the West Indies.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As Mr Macmillan appeared, one man tried to break through the cordon, but was promptly arrested and hustled away. Four others were arrested. 'You are turning this country into a police State!' screamed the crowd. The banners cried: 'White Domination' and 'Banda' (Dr Hastings Banda, the Nyasaland nationalist leader now in jail). Just before he got into his Rolls, Mr Macmillan looked across at the crowd, put on his spectacles, and said to the Governor, Sir Robert Armitage: 'More demonstrations, eh?' – *Daily Express*. (Ken Hughes.)

New Christ Church dining-club, 'The Jacobite', refuses to recognise post-1745 peerage, refers to the Head of State as Mrs Philip Mountbatten. – *Isis*. (Charles Spencer.)

After saving for two years to buy a clothes drier, Fishponds grandmother Mrs Olive Davis decided today: 'I am going to buy an Irish horse instead.' – *Bristol Evening Post*. (A. Wilkie.)

Novelty idea for the autumn which is featuring in a leading corsetry manufacturer's forward plans – specially designed brassieres for night wear. 'Many women need figure support at night just as much as they do during the day. We intend to produce special lightweight styles for bed-time wear,' says this manufacturer. – *Drapery & Fashion Weekly*. (Robert J. Davey.)

The Two Germanys

As relations improve between Washington and Moscow, so tension between West and East Germany grows steadily worse. In other parts of the world, partition, when it happened, seemed completely intolerable – Ireland, Palestine and Korea are all examples – and then gradually became an accepted impossibility. Even a year ago a similar process seemed to be taking place in Germany. Interzonal trade was increasing. Hundreds of thousands of people each year were visiting relatives on the other side of the frontier. Even the politicians were beginning to talk off the record about practical methods of easing the situation.

Now the mood has changed. Co-existence has once again become a Communist phrase, and Dr Adenauer is renewing his famous cry that what is required is not unification but liberation. If any compromise about Berlin or any methods of relaxing the tension between the zones are put forward at the Summit conference, they will be denounced by Dr Adenauer as appeasement, which can only lead to the break-up of Nato and the collapse of the West.

Not unnaturally, the view expressed in East Berlin is the exact opposite. Here the order of the day is a reasonableness so sweet that it cloys. 'All we mean by confederation,' I was told, 'is that the two German states should learn to live together, tolerating each other's differences and removing one by one the causes of dispute until, in some distant future, unity is achieved by symbiosis.'

On one point, however, I did find a surprising agreement on both sides of the line. In all the conversations I had during the last fortnight, no one even tried to pretend that there is any prospect of unification – even in the middle future. With every year that has passed, the Bundesrepublik and the DDR have grown steadily further apart. But, whereas it is the official policy of the DDR to accept partition and make it work, it is the equally official policy of Bonn to make partition unworkable and then to absorb what is now a Russian-occupied area into the free world.

Which of these two policies is the more realistic? Which contributes more to the relaxation of tension between East and West? Which has the better chance of leading ultimately to German unity? Embarrassing though it is for a westerner to admit it openly, there is no doubt whatsoever of the answer to any of these three questions. The Communists have had the good sense to relate their policy to the facts and to put forward a workable compromise, which is the only alternative to a continuance of the extremely dangerous and extremely painful *status quo*. For more than two years Walter Lippmann has been pointing out that, by committing ourselves to the liberation of the East Germans, we have taken on a completely Utopian commitment. But his warnings have gone unheeded and we are now drifting into a situation where any sensible compromise agreed at the summit will be regarded as a great victory for Communism.

In order to avoid such self-inflicted diplomatic defeats, it is high time that responsible politicians in the West should begin to talk sense about Germany, even if this involves agreeing with the Communists. Naturally enough, the British Labour Party has been reluctant to take a line which would embarrass the Social Democrats in West Germany and West Berlin. But, now that there is a grave danger of Dr Adenauer successfully sabotaging any agreement at the Summit, I believe there are many Socialists throughout the Bundesrepublik who would secretly welcome a lead by the Labour Party. What is needed is a policy declaration on co-existence between the two Germanys, preceded by a restatement of some of the vital facts which western statesmen consistently ignore.

The most important of these facts is the growing stability of the DDR. For some months after the East Berlin rising, Ulbricht and Pieck really were tottering puppets, propped up only by the Red Army. Economic conditions throughout the DDR were deplorable, and public opinion was kept on the anti-Communist boil by a strong resistance movement, organised from West Berlin. At this time it was still conceivable that, if the West offered complete neutralisation of a united Germany in return for free elections in the East, the Russians would decide to cut their losses and permit Ulbricht to be chased across the frontier by his infuriated countrymen. Whether this was ever seriously considered by the Kremlin we shall never know. Anyway, the West missed its opportunity and the last three years have seen a steady and rapid consolidation of the Communist position in the DDR. Measured in terms of consumer goods, the standard of living is, of course, markedly lower than in West Germany. On the other hand, rents are much lower and social services are much better – in particular, health and education. In wealthy West Germany, school starts not at five as here, but at six, and 80 per cent of the children leave at 14. In East Germany the figure is 60 per cent, and it is hoped to raise the school leaving age to 16 within three years.

Even more significant is the contrast between the expenditure on research and technological education in the two Germanys. True enough, although 'flitting' is now illegal, an uncomfortably large number of students still take advantage of the free and lavish facilities for higher education in East Germany and then cross the frontier in order to enjoy the salaries, comforts and freedom of the Bundesrepublik. But the Communists have rounded their most dangerous corner; they are now confident that, in the next five years, they will rapidly overtake the living standards of West German capitalism. And, as they do so, they believe the number of escapees will steadily decrease.

'What contribution are you prepared to make to German unity over here in the East?' I asked a young physicist at the superb Technical High School in Dresden, with its 15,000 students.

'Our first job is to work hard and raise our living standards, so as to teach our countrymen on the other side that our system works better than theirs. When they see we are winning, they will join us.' I found this answer a great deal more impressive than the hysterical appeals for 'renewed resistance against Red terrorism' to which I listened at a student meeting in Bonn, called by the government-sponsored organisation, 'Indivisible Germany.'

The truth is that there are now not only two German states but two German ways of life, one Rhineland, Catholic and capitalist, the other Prussian Communist. The Bundesrepublik is deeply Americanised; the DDR is

superficially Russianised. But each displays some very German characteristics, and the only practical question is the terms on which they will co-exist.

The second fact we have to face is that the emotions which blind West German politicians to reality are very violent and very deeply felt. Their mood is similar to that of the Americans at the height of the Korean war. 'How can you talk about recognising the Reds who are killing our boys at this very moment?' was the indignant question one was asked if one visited Washington in 1952. So too the Bonn politician in 1960 feels that even an armistice in his cold war would be a betrayal: and his feelings are all the stronger because the people on the other side of the frontier are not Koreans but Germans. To grasp the full emotional impact of German partition, one must think not merely of Korea but of Ulster. Irish partition occurred 35 years ago, and one way for us to appreciate the feelings of the West Germans is to recall what patriotic Irishmen still say if one urges them to recognise the partition line and see the good side of the Stormont government. If we imagine that the feud between Dublin and Belfast were moved from its safe Atlantic insularity and plumped down in the middle of Europe, we can begin to understand the tremendous struggle that underlies the contrast between Dr Adenauer's hysterical anti-Communism and the sweet reason of Herr Ulbricht's readiness to co-exist with Bonn.

The comparison of German, first with Korean and then with Irish, partition brings me to my third set of facts. In Korea the partition line is as absolute as it is in Palestine. No one crosses it, because the two sides are in a state of suspended war. In Germany, however, as in Ireland, there is a great deal of to-ing and fro-ing across the frontier. Although Bonn denounces *de facto* recognition as sheer appeasement, in fact there exist already all kinds of *de facto* relations between the two sides. In Berlin, for example, there is no telephone communication between East and West, but you can post a letter – and you can telephone also, provided you pay the cost of ringing up Bonn in order to reach Leipzig! West Berlin has its own electricity, but the sewage system of the city functions as a whole, because no German will drive the logic of cold war so far that he cannot safely pull the lavatory plug.

What is permitted and what is forbidden is equally arbitrary if we consider the economic relations of the two zones. Opera singers and actors are considered so indispensable that they are permitted to perform first in West and then in East Berlin without being accused of betraying any principles – and incidentally they are paid very handsomely in both currencies. Tens of thousands of ordinary people cross the frontier each year to visit their relatives. Passenger and freight trains, as well as long-distance road (and canal) haulage, are also organised interzonally. And, most important of all, a great deal of trade goes on under agreements constantly re-negotiated by large standing commissions. Partition, and the elaborate arrangements for circumventing it, have encouraged the growth not only of a huge black market but of a jungle of vested interests, particularly in West Berlin, on which tens of thousands of people depend for their livelihood. To talk as if the *de facto* recognition of the DDR would be a departure from principle is the sheerest hypocrisy, since the principle of 'non-collaboration with the Red tyranny' is violated daily, not merely by individuals and firms but by the administrators who are in charge of the Bonn government.

The increasing stability and economic strength of the DDR: the violence and irrationality of the West German feeling against recognition: the extent of actual collaboration between the two German states – these seem to me to be the three essential facts which must be brought to the attention of western public opinion and on which the Labour Party should base its suggestions for an interim compromise at this year's Summit. Such a compromise must fulfil two conditions. It must accord with the realities and it must require no change in the *status quo* to the detriment of either side – particularly in Berlin.

The lines of Labour's proposals, therefore, should be pretty clear. In the first place, pending more thorough disarmament we should urge a short-term agreement between the four powers, under which no German soldier on either side of the partition line should be equipped with or trained in the use of nuclear weapons. By this means the present balance of German military power could be temporarily 'frozen' in such a way as to leave open the road towards a united Germany, armed only with a conventional militia. Secondly, we should propose a temporary settlement of the Berlin problem, under which the Russians underwrite the whole *status quo* in West Berlin in return for our *de facto* recognition of the DDR. Before the negotiations have started, of course, no western government can even hint that it would be prepared to accept this kind of compromise package deal at the end of the haggling. But that is no reason why the British Labour Party should not start campaigning for the application by the West of a little common sense to the problem of the two Germanys.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

They Came to a City

THE hostel for migrants at Canberra lies beneath the gum trees on the slopes of Mount Ainslie. Its 11 wooden huts hold 32 rooms, each nine feet square: they are divided by a long, dark corridor down the centre. An immigrant couple with two adolescent sons live in three rooms. These hutments are the temporary home of 60 families from Britain, as well as nearly 200 Europeans, where they wait for the day when they will have a place of their own. Already the men and the children have entered into the life of the city. The children go to school and make friends with Australians. The men have no difficulty in finding work in this booming city and, at the end of the day, they join the 'mob' for a beer at the Rex Hotel at the foot of the hill. But for the women this waiting is tedious. They have few of their normal domestic interests to occupy them. There is no shopping or cooking to do: meals are provided in the cafeteria. Many of those without young children take jobs but, for the others, there isn't much to do in two or three tiny rooms. So the wives sit through the long, hot days on the steps of the huts, looking out to the blue mountains in the distance and down on the town planner's circles and avenues spread below them.

There are 29 of these family hostels all over Australia and, since they were set up at the end of the war, at least 75,000 British immigrants have passed through them. But this is just a small part of Australia's post-war immigration scheme. By the end of 1959, over 1,500,000 British and Europeans had arrived as settlers and almost half of these were British. How far has reality lived up to their hopes and expectations?

It is difficult to give a fair picture. No systematic study has yet appeared on the assimilation problems of British migrants, and the Australian government is, understandably, unwilling to draw attention to those who have returned home. Official statistics, by accident or design, do not specify what the 'wastage' is. It is certainly true that many potential settlers have returned to England. A London travel agency, which recently announced a 'pay later' scheme to enable disgruntled British migrants to get home, received nearly 400 applications in the first week. A limited survey made in Western Australia among British migrants did show that 41 per cent of those who had been in the country for seven months wished to return to Britain: this figure dropped to 24 per cent among those who had been in Australia for 12 months or more. There is no doubt that a minority are discontented with their new life. But no one has tried to discover how far they have genuine grievances or whether they are unsettled personalities, people who would carry their problems with them wherever they went.

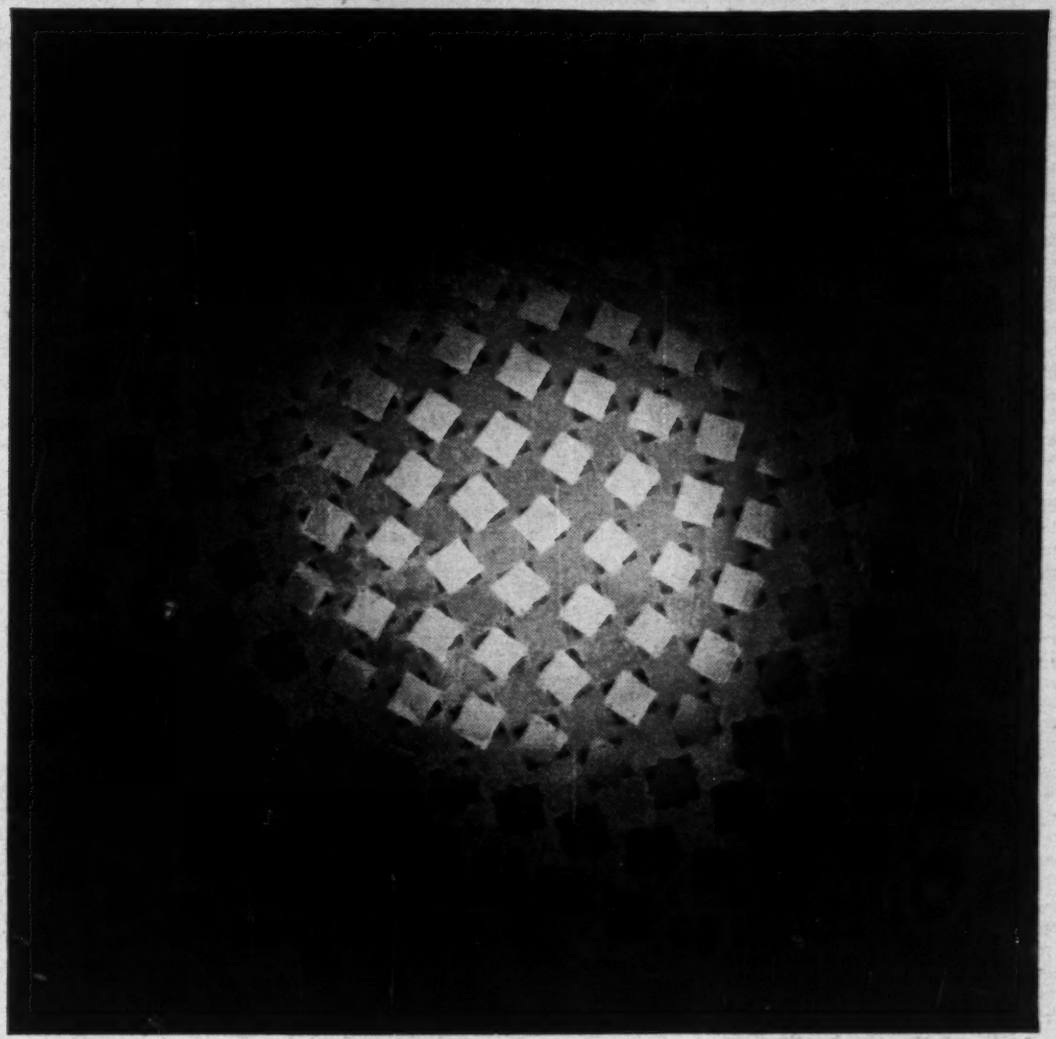
Many of those who came in the first post-war waves of migration from Britain were undoubtedly people who were fed up with British austerity, taxation, and – two common rationalisations that seem to cover a variety of social resentments – 'the weather' and 'poor prospects for their children'. But as the stream of 'desirable' migrants has dried up, Australia House in London has offered assisted passages to would-be migrants who, it feels, are not necessarily the most suitable: the man without a skill, the couple with no children who are unlikely to have any, people with poor health records. Since Suez, the waiting list of such cases has dropped from about 20,000 to next to nothing. Now the source of migrants is shifting more to the decaying areas of Britain, such as Lancashire and the Glasgow area, where such traditional industries as cotton and coal are declining while alternative work is not easy to come by. It is hoped that workers who, in any case, are forced to think of moving in order to ensure a future for themselves and their children, will be persuaded to make the further move overseas.

'Persuaded' is the word. For both the Menzies government and the Australian Labour Party are anxious to increase British immigration. Dr Evatt said in 1958:

> We must have British people in this country to maintain its proud position as a nation building a nation. It is true that we need more population, but we are a nation of a certain quality. We must preserve that quality. It is no reflection on other immigrants that they are different. In Australia and New Zealand British stock is of vital importance and it should have preference.

One of the unspoken reasons for this preference is religion. At least two out of five post-war immigrants have been Roman Catholics, and this proportion seems likely to increase. Last November the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney was unusually outspoken in his diocesan letter:

> For the future of Australia and for the future of the Anglican Church in Australia, it is essential that among the great numbers of



"High Frequency Heating" by Roy Nockolds

Hot and Quick

Over the past ten years or so industry has become familiar with a process known as High Frequency Heating. Examples of its practical uses today include smelting, surface hardening, plastic welding, wood gluing and the cooking of biscuits and cakes—all of which it does with great speed and precision.

This 'high frequency heat' is generated in three ways—dielectrically, by induction, and by microwave irradiation. All these methods have two things in common — the heat is created by molecular friction (Roy Nockolds' picture represents the controlled movement of molecules *inside* a material) and all employ types of electronic valves in which Mullard specialise. In fact, High Frequency Heating owes much of its success to Mullard's long experience in the design and production of electronic power and transmitting valves.

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immigrants yearly entering this country, a greater proportion than in recent years should be British and members of the Church of England.

Whatever the future course of immigration, the programme so far has paid great economic dividends. Migrants have not merely played an important part in Australia's post-war boom: without them the boom would have been impossible. Because the birth rate fell so sharply in the depression years, the labour force could not have grown at an adequate rate. New Australians redressed the balance of the old; at the same time their need for homes and consumer goods provided an additional stimulus to demand. Since the end of the war, Australia has absorbed more than 50,000 skilled building workers, and over one third of all new houses, offices, schools and hospitals have been built by migrant labour. At least half of those working on the huge Snowy River hydro-electric scheme are immigrants, and so are nearly half those in the motor industry.

How do the trade unions, which have always been anxious that 'cheap labour' should not depress their high standards, take to this influx? They are not enthusiastic, even when they see the real economic advantages; memories of the depression are still strong enough for them to fear eventual competition with New Australians for the same jobs. It is true that Australians have learnt in the last ten years to accept Poles, Czechs, Italians, Dutch and Germans as workmates, and in some industries the proportion of immigrants is now so high that it has swamped latent xenophobia. But both the ordinary worker and his trade union are still apprehensive about proposals to extend the immigration programme.

On economic grounds, immigration propaganda has been justified. Skilled and unskilled, British and European, have little difficulty in finding work in Australia today. An unskilled worker can make £A18 to £A20 a week, rising to double that for a skilled craftsman. Anyone setting up in private business can quickly make it pay good dividends. Eight years ago a Lancashire man with £500 started a fish-and-chip business in a Sydney suburb. This summer, I met him on his return from a £1,000 trip to Europe; he has paid back the loan with which he started his business; he has a house, a car, a TV set, and has no regrets about his decision to live in Australia.

For the unlucky ones, the single greatest material cause of discontent has been in housing. As a temporary expedient, many migrants would be prepared to accept communal hostel living, particularly as they have been brought to Australia at virtually no cost to themselves. In Canberra they get a government house after two years, but in the rest of the country, where public authority housing is limited, hostel residents stay until they can afford to buy, on mortgage, a home of their own. This is usually about two years but there are admitted cases where families have had to wait three or four years. On British standards, the prices of houses are high. True, the banks give loans up to £A2,500 but they require a deposit of one fifth of the purchase value, and this means at least £A650. Now, an unskilled worker, with a wife and two children, earning £A18 a week, pays over £A10 of this for hostel accommodation. How is he to save out of what he has left?

The answer for many is that, willy-nilly, his wife must work. This may be fine for the labour force, but it can be tough for the migrant family. Housing, therefore, remains the main worry for the immigrant. Though there is a conflict of responsibilities between the federal government which brings the migrants out, and the state government that has to cope with their social difficulties, it is a problem to which the authorities could have devoted more attention. The Immigration Department tends to wash its hands of immigrants once it has landed them in Australia, unless they are in hostels; Good Neighbour Councils and Citizenship Conventions are no substitute for a coherent effort to assist them either by building houses which can be let at reasonable rents or, alternatively, providing adequate and flexible credit facilities. Fifteen years after the immigration programme was conceived, all years of housing shortage and rising costs, no systematic attempt has been made to face up to this problem.

One of the official reasons for encouraging British immigration is the common language, culture and institutions, which supposedly make it easier for them to adjust to the Australian way of life. But in many ways it is more difficult. A European, often with a background of tragic and bitter experiences, knows that he is adjusting to a completely different culture and can more readily accept it on its own terms. But for the British migrant, everything is the same, but more than a little different. He often finds it difficult to resist comparisons with home, which begins to look rather rosier from a distance. 'Some situations bring out the British in me', said the wife of one British migrant. She, as do many others, often tactlessly express their views to Australians. It is not surprising that, in many ways, the British are the least popular migrant group.

It is usually among the wives of immigrants that the hard core of discontent is to be found. The wife eventually has a house – usually a bungalow in a suburb of one of the big cities. She has security; her husband has a well paid job. It is true that prices are high, but on the 'never-never' she can have a TV, a washing machine, a refrigerator, and the family might run a car. But she is lonely. It isn't easy to get to know people in a suburb; and, although most Australians are friendly and hospitable, they tend to a casual, take-it-or-leave-it approach. Adjustment is a long, slow business. It is a problem which has faced even those who have moved only a few miles to the New Towns in England. How much greater must it be when home is 12,000 miles away?

JEANNE SAMPSON

The Things People Do

'AND what,' said the man behind the Tangiers bar when he had finished coughing, 'do you two geysers do?' He was a short pasty-faced man with lank, yellow hair and the head of what looked like a doll tattooed on his chest: the accent was Midlands.

I said 'I'm a journalist', and Robin Day nodded.

'Christ yes,' said the man, 'but what *kind* of bleeding journalist.'

'Television,' we said.

The man looked relieved or disappointed, I couldn't tell which. 'Oh, well,' he said, 'that's different.'

His name was George and the reason he was in Tangier was that he couldn't be deported. His bar was the size of a small bathroom though not so hygienic. Half the walls were covered with photographs of naked girls with Jumbo-sized bosoms, the other half with cuttings about George's career. The biggest of these was an advertising poster which said in large capitals 'WHY I AM A VILLAIN,' but it explained the wherefore rather than the why: fraud and forgery in England, dope and smuggling in Tangier. 'The trouble with bleeding journalists,' said George pointing a stubby hand towards the cuttings, 'is that half the crap they write just isn't true.' We were silent and gave consent. 'Take that lot,' he went on, 'the geyser who wrote that knew I'd never sue him because as soon as I set foot in England, I get eight years PD. Put in jug in Italy, for Christ's sake! It was France, as anyone here can tell you. Journalists ought to get their bleeding facts right.'

We had looked in at the bar because we had been told that George was shockingly rude to tourists; and that was why they came. But the three others there that night were all semi-residents; a cockney tart with red and white striped sweater, red trousers, black hair studded with scurf, black slit eyes and a face like a boxer; a blonde young man in a brown leather overcoat who looked as though he had been ploughed for the Gestapo and had eyes like dead oysters; and an unshaven Greek who swayed to and fro like the inside of a grandfather clock and every now and then disappeared into the street, though whether to vomit or pumpship or just breathe, I couldn't say. During the half-hour we were there I don't think they uttered more than half a dozen sentences between them.

'Mind you', George said, 'I've got nothing against journalists *as such*. What I always say about a man is this. It don't matter who he is or where he comes from, whether he's an American or a Negro or a Jew or any other sort of geyser. All I ask of him is—' and here he banged the counter—'that he's a decent human being!' He looked at us challengingly, and we, eyeing the scurfy tart, the drugged Gestapo man and the drunken, swaying Greek, nodded our wholehearted approval.

'Talking of Americans,' he went on, 'there was a geyser in here the other night who said a very profound thing. The Americans, this geyser said, were the only people to have passed from a primitive society to dee-cay-dence without going through the intervening stage of civilisation. I thought that was bleeding good. I wish I could remember the name of the geyser who said it.'

The tart said: 'I'll tell you who said it, dear. It was Oscar Wilde, and he hasn't been in this bar for 60 years.'

Just then a tall, thin man with greying hair and the air of a prosperous psychiatrist came in through the door. 'Whisky,' he said, and 'Can I use your phone?' He dialled a number and talked briskly in an unknown tongue. Then he swallowed the whisky and went out.

'Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear', said George, 'that geyser *is* a bleeding laugh! Comes in here and does that act every night. Sometimes twice a night. Sees himself as a FBI man. And how do I know he isn't? Because to get a number in Tangiers you've got to dial five bleeding numbers and he always dials four. He isn't speaking to anyone, see. Christ Jesus, the things people do!'

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ICI

The Gestapo man stirred. 'Can I have my reefer now, please George?' he said, like a child asking for the return of a confiscated toy.

George said: 'Seeing as how you've waited so long for it' (and he might have added 'drunk so much for it') 'I suppose you can.' He took a box and a bag from behind the counter. The box contained empty cigarettes and the bag of some mauve stuff which looked like ground lavender. When the cigarette was filled with the lavender, the Gestapo man lit it and went off to a chair at the other side of the room. Then he inhaled and in a few moments had lost whatever tiny threads of contact he may have had with us.

The Greek disappeared into the street for the fifth time, and the tart said she had a date with a girl called Diana. It looked as if the party was breaking up. We paid what we owed and George said: 'I'll say this about the press. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't have had half the bleeding laughs I have had from all the old ladies who want to marry me. Do you know what one of them wrote? "I've been in love with *pirates* ever since I was a little girl!" Pirates! Me! Can you beat it? Another wrote from Myrtle Cottage—Myrtle Cottage for Christ's sake. Said she'd got 160 acres, but 70 of them were fallow. Wanted me to come and make them fertile. Marvellous what people do, isn't it? Well, ta-ta, and don't fall over the bleeding step as you go out.'

Later that evening we found ourselves in another bar talking to the English milord who lives on the hill. The FBI man came in, ordered a drink, looked around him and handed the barman a photograph.

'Isn't that your local FBI man?' said Robin, rather loudly.

'Oh, hush, hush', said the English milord, '*we* have to live here and you don't. He's one of our most important private investigators'.

I went across to the bar and looked over the FBI man's shoulder. The photograph was tremendously dirty.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY

The Arts and Entertainment

Simply a Great Composer

'SCHOENBERG!' How do you react to the word? It would be enlightening to subject a cross-section of our musical community to one of those association tests which the brilliant young Jung used before he went Jungian.

Reactions would be diverse, contradictory. One thing, however, they would have in common: they wouldn't be free. More likely than not, the old super-ego would step in before you could say 'George Gershwin', which would be a pity. For it was Schoenberg who wrote apropos Gershwin (in his own English):

> An artist is to me like an apple tree. When the time comes, whether it wants to or not, it bursts into bloom and starts to produce apples. And as an apple tree neither knows nor asks about the value experts of the market will attribute to its product, so a real composer does not ask whether his products will please the experts of serious arts. He only feels he has to say something and says it.

While we are on the subject of psychoanalysis, we might remember and retrace the process of projection, and do to Schoenberg whatsoever he would that men should do to Gershwin: Schoenberg was himself an apple tree, and so long as this type of metaphor, the freest association and the most strictly true, does not spontaneously arise in our minds, his time has not yet come, even though there are some who think that it has already gone. Of course, at the deepest level, the apple tree kind of association does not take the form of a pale word. It is the living thing itself, the apple, that we see before our mind's eye. To Gershwin, our reaction would, or should, be a tune like 'The Man I Love' or 'Fascinating Rhythm' or 'Embraceable You'. But who would dare even to speak of a Schoenberg tune? Certainly not the Schoenbergians.

On 12 May 1947, Schoenberg wrote a letter to the conductor Hans Rosbaud which, unfortunately, is quite unknown in this country:

> Comprehension of my music *still* suffers under the impression the musicians have formed of me: they consider me, not a normal, utterly ordinary composer who presents his more or less good themes and melodies in a not too inadequate musical language, but a modern, dissonant twelve-tone experimenter. Yet there is nothing I desire more ardently (if there's anything I desire) than to be regarded as a better kind of Tchaikovsky – a little better, for heaven's sake – and that is really all. I want people to know and whistle my melodies . . . I don't want to be interesting.

Thirteen years have elapsed and 'the experts of serious arts' who reject Gershwin continue to accept Schoenberg for the wrong reasons. It is still only the discoverer of the twelve-tone method, the founder of new music, they admire in him. They have written their modern musical histories without being able to write down a single bar of his music from memory. But an apple tree is not, in the first place, an historical phenomenon, and Beethoven's overwhelming historical role is not the first thing that occurs to us when we think of him.

The twelve-tone pickers, critics and so-called composers alike, have been at work for decades. They are responsible for the current serial cult. Pro-Schoenberg as they are, they have helped to create one type of anti-Schoenbergian, and to perpetuate another diametrically opposed one.

On the one hand, that is to say, a group of dodecaphoneys has sprung into existence. They liberally accept Schoenberg as their forerunner, but consider his technique primitive because it is bound up with themes and melodies, and inconsistent because it is bound up with the past. (All comprehensible new creation is: there has to be a basis of communication.) They have 'started where Schoenberg left off' without knowing the works he wrote in advance of them before they were musically born. As for being able to whistle a Schoenberg tune, they have advanced beyond the whistling stage and are proud of it. Apples are things of the past, and 'Schoenberg' means to them 'romanticism' and 'squareness'.

On the other hand, there are the conservatives, the academicians and reactionaries, for whom Schoenberg is the arch-enemy of music as a romantic art. They exclaim 'Brain music!' at the mention of his name, pointing to the twelve-tone pickers by way of substantiation. They are the ones who know what they like and like what they know. But how right they are! For if you like what you don't know you are a snob; and if you don't know what you liké you are an ass, you don't understand anything: in art, liking is a function of understanding.

Indeed, as one who is aware that Schoenberg is the greatest composer since Beethoven, I respect the anti-Schoenbergian conservatives more than the Schoenbergian lecturers on twelve-tone technique. At least, the conservatives like apples, even though they do not always know an apple when they see one. But then, who are we to reproach them? The trouble with most of us proselytisers is that we argue from strength – a strength we do not possess. Do we whistle our Schoenberg as easily as our Beethoven?

We must argue with ruthless honesty, from weakness. The notorious contemporary crisis is in us all. The beam may be in our brother's eye and the mote in our own, but it is still a mote. The fact is that Schoenberg came far too soon for all of us – much sooner even in relation to our time than the 'late Beethoven' came in relation to his: hence the present situation.

The better I get to understand Schoenberg's music, the more I realise that there are no Schoenberg experts yet. They will appear when the need for them ceases, as did the Beethoven experts. All the same, while 'the experts of serious arts' talk too much, the scene is changing. The number of current Schoenberg performances would have caused incredulous surprise even five years ago. By then, the experts had already been talking for ages, so the change can hardly be due to their endeavours. It is simply that we are very gradually catching up with Schoenberg.

Must we spoil this development by bloodless, 'intelligent' appreciation, by wisely seeing Schoenberg in his historical context before a note of his music is part of ourselves? I appeal to the Schoenberg haters, those who, not unnaturally, hate what they don't know, to save Schoenberg from his most dangerous admirers, to remember that 'music is music' (Berg's comment on Gershwin), that every seeming conceptual short-cut to it is a deaf alley, and a long one too. As to dissonances, they are unfamiliar consonances.

Now, let us approach these performances in a spirit of natural musicality, like gipsies:

8 February, RFH:	*Verklärte Nacht*
11 February, BBC:	*De Profundis*
29 February, BBC:	*Moses und Aron*
8 March, Wigmore Hall:	Third Quartet
14 March, RFH:	*Pierrot Lunaire*
18 March, BBC:	Orchestral Variations
21 March, Chelsea Town Hall:	Theme and Variations for Band (1st English Performance)
24 March, BBC	*Serenade*

Let us not feel obliged to read the programme notes and bother when these works were written, why they had to be written and could not have remained unwritten, whom they influenced, what revolutions they caused. There is tonal music among them (early and late), 'freely' atonal music and twelve-tone music. But each composition is a masterpiece.

Perhaps only one historical point might helpfully be kept in mind. *Verklärte Nacht* was written within three weeks by a 25-year-old ex-bank-clerk who had received virtually

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no musical training and who, in his early teens, had arranged various pieces of music for string quartet because he was fond of the combination but did not know that anything had been written for it. The almost inexplicable mastery of this sextet (an enlarged quartet) prompted the Austrian composer Franz Schmidt (no mean gipsy himself) to say that although he could not follow the later Schoenberg, he felt artistically bound to trust him. Trust in a genius is more objective than balanced criticism by hearsay. If *Verklärte Nacht* is an apple, there is an apple tree; and if there was an apple tree, what can it have produced all its life but apples?

HANS KELLER

Satire and Intelligence

AT one point, deep in the coils of *The Lily White Boys* (Royal Court), one of the delinquent heroes remarks indignantly, 'They can't do that to us. We're on their side'. This was the reaction last time I criticised a left-wing play at the Royal Court directed by Lindsay Anderson. It will probably be the reaction now. So I had better make it plain that it is precisely because *The Lily White Boys* is likely to be taken as an example of the left-wing culture that the NEW STATESMAN at least must be critical. For after the last election, any art that uses politics as an excuse for its own failings, that cashes in on the fashionable antiestablishmentarianism without producing answers of its own, is doing the left more harm than it can afford. Labour's only hope is to set itself up as the party of intelligence, whose main concern is with some kind of responsible social morality in all the dreary mess of private ends and means. If so-called Socialist art doesn't puncture the complacencies of the advertisement society – which include those of *avant-garde* chic – what will?

Harry Cookson's play begins with a good idea for picaresque satire: three Teddy boys come to the conclusion that the real money is in 'the legitimate racket', so they decide to move in on it. They try the law, business, trades unions, and as failure inevitably succeeds failure they begin dimly to realise that the only sure way to success is to compromise with their own inarticulate sense of integrity. In the end they all achieve corruption and the pickings are theirs.

In outline the plot is effective and some of Cookson's dialogue is mildly witty, though nowhere nearly as good as that of, say, *Paul Slickey*. But the satire has no proper centre; it was like nothing so much as *I'm All Right Jack*. As in the film, so in this play: the lawyer and businessmen may be crooks, but at least they are, in their different degrees, clever and even engaging crooks; on the other hand, the trades-union workers, who hold business at the mercy of their strikes, are simply stupid – more so, in fact, because they are now relatively prosperous. The only people who come in for any sympathy are the cosh- and razor-wielding Teddy Boys. So the satire is not only curiously mixed politically, it is also vague and diffused. There is a good deal of left-wing feeling floating around in the play, but no object to which it can attach itself. So the delinquents are sentimentalised in lieu of anyone else.

This is made painfully obvious by the continual and apparently deliberate echoes of Brecht. In the lyrics, Christopher Logue plugs away at his usual Brechtian pastiches; and this ends by dragging Tony Kinsey's music, which starts originally enough, into an imitation of Kurt Weill. But the closer it sounds to *The Threepenny Opera*, the greater the differences seem. For Brecht not only had objects for his satiric indignation, he also had something positive to offer in their place. All the positives *The Lily White Boys* can show are crazy, mixed-up cosh-kids and inanities like this:

> Such lips – such lettuce,
> Such legs – such wine,
> Such breadth – such butter,
> Such hips – such cream.

For all its inadequacies, I'd rather have the Welfare State.

It is a pity the work itself is so insipid, since Lindsay Anderson has made a very good job of the direction. This is the first production of his I've seen in which he uses the whole stage in a vital and imaginative way. Against Sean Kenny's splendid setting, he keeps his actors moving with considerable invention instead of arranging them, as in *Musgrave*, in striking but static groups. His parody newsreel was the most pointed and effective satire of the evening.

The pity, in fact, is double: Albert Finney, as the leading Ted, is an actor with a real touch of the Olivier magnetism; he could even hold the audience in the pretentious little summing-up at the end. And despite all the faults of the work, he at times managed to hint that, for him at least, something was at stake. He was well backed up by Monty Landis, who has an extraordinary flair for the physically revolting. Barbara Hicks came and went in an excellent series of caricatures depicting the various degrees of 'the distortions of ingrown virginity'. Ronnie Stevens did a creditable imitation of Peter Sellers's trades-union official. The Teddy girls, unfortunately, were another matter. They danced well enough – in fact, Eleanor Fazan's choreography was good all through – but, with the exception of Georgia Brown, most of their straight acting was much less accomplished than many of the amateurs I've seen recently. They may have gone at their parts with a will but, just as good politics is no excuse for bad drama, still less for weak satire, so enthusiasm is no substitute for acting skill.

A. ALVAREZ

Pastoral Pantomime

FREDERICK ASHTON'S mastery over the mechanics of choreography is now so supreme that in a ballet like *La Fille Mal Gardée* we are hardly aware mechanics exist. In this new work, presented by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden last week, the effects are created without effort: we never notice the ballerina crawling awkwardly up a bent back in order to achieve an elegant tableau or characters brought in superfluously for some stunt. A superb control blends story and dancing. It is not merely the balance of ensembles and solos, the balance of light and shade that Mr Ashton understands perfectly; but there is such intrinsic sense of form in the whole conception, that we remember the ballet as a complete vision, not for its individual excellencies.

La Fille Mal Gardée is a comedy ballet in two acts. The story concerns a farmer's daughter, Lise. Her mother wishes her to marry a rich young idiot, while the girl's heart is set on the local Adonis. The ballet is built on traditional lines, such as may be easily understood by anyone who has seen an English pantomime. There are many pantomime adjuncts: a preposterous mother played by a man; a tiny pony pulling a tiny cart in which the heroine can wear her floppy hat; there are the finest plumed chickens that ever strutted the boards and a goofy lover, who is blown away by a thunder storm.

This ballet was first produced in the year of the French Revolution by Dauberval at Bordeaux. The original music and story have been retained for the present production, with advice from Madame Tamara Karsavina, who used to star in the Russian version. Osbert Lancaster's tuppence-coloured scenery of neatly shaded trees and haystacks and farm kitchens gives it an early Victorian atmosphere. Before these backgrounds the over-varied costumes flit and shift, so that much of the movement is obscured. The general feeling is right, but there are altogether too many small patches of colour mingled with too many different shapes. The music, by Ferdinand Hérold, is a jingling pot-pourri of tunes, nicely re-arranged by John Lanchbery.

The success of the ballet is, as it should be, the ballerina, Nadia Nerina. She looks a fascinating little blonde dream, not doing those dull, dolly movements that blondes usually affect, but dancing freely and happily, as she has never done before. With his usual ability to sense his dancers' individual strength, Frederick Ashton has brought out the human and changeable qualities in Nerina, showing off her impetuous leaps and fluent bends, that are almost in the modern Russian style. David Blair is a jolly good hero: good in his dancing, good in his presence, not cissy, not clumsy. The moment has come when he must develop into something more than jolly good. The *corps de ballet* is its own capable, pretty, British self. That these same dancers, who had

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just played Mr Ashton's newest ballet so well, could peform one of his oldest (*Facade*) with such slovenliness and insensitivity, revealed suddenly how much they have still to learn in the way of discipline.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Novel into Film

VERY rarely will you come across a film, based on a novel, that starts you wanting to read the novel: the better the film, the more it will draw interest to itself. But there are films whose particular merit lies in their choice and understanding of an original, this very closeness making separation impossible. Something extraordinary has been attempted; there are rare gains, but necessarily much has been let go. I can well imagine this happening with, say, *Le Grand Meaulnes* – for those unfamiliar with Fournier's hypnotic story. The case with *The Fall* (Curzon), an Argentine film 'based on' a novel by Beatriz Guido, is rather different, leaving me at any rate somewhat in the air: that is, excited by what I've seen, dissatisfied at moments, half-enthralled. I should like to see the film again, yet I doubt whether this renewed pleasure would slake curiosity. Of course, I may be wrong in these speculations: *The Fall* may have improved on its original, and what I take for half-realisations may be the pushings-forward of an imaginative director.

At any rate there is fascination in the neurotic household of a bed-ridden mother with four children running wild: a girl acts as mother, a boy touts suspender-belts in the market, they dish up weird concoctions of sparrows and rice to blithe chirrupings, practice their own variations of Catholicism, and worship one Uncle Lucas, whose door remains locked while he travels incessantly, and who speaks from a gramophone record, promising gifts and wonders. Upstairs to this closed world comes a lodger, a girl-student, who gets drawn into their spells and games. A rather pompous lover can't detach her; and when the mother dies and Uncle Lucas returns, it is left vague whether she goes when he does, and whether the children are left to their gramophone record, stewed sparrows, and claustrophobic freedom. The faults are that they are meant to be more shocking than they appear: the director, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, has obviously been affected by *Los Olvidados*. Then either he must have very old-fashioned ideas about girl-students, or Elsa Daniel who plays the part couldn't be sufficiently roused; there are miscalculations too about camera-tilts, strong music, and the inescapable rock 'n' roll scene with moralisings here from the pianist. Shortcomings are evident enough. But as I say, this film has fresh, unclassifiable virtues.

Twelve Bergman films, in chronological order, are promised at the Everyman. Meanwhile there a Japanese season winds up with Ichikawa's *The Burmese Harp*, that most haunting of war films in which death and defeat are resolved in the figure of a wandering soldier turned monk. Once with home-made harp he would travel ahead of his unit to signal ambushes; now the plucked notes announce to prisoners on the eve of their return his expiatory mission. Tunes, talking parrots, a ruby, imprint an almost fairy-tale candour upon pity and terror, and 'Home Sweet Home' – long popular in Japan – receives here its most beautiful setting.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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The Anti-Affluents

As I suggested in advance that it might be, *We Dissent* – Kenneth Tynan's survey of American nonconforming groups and persons – was an important and exciting programme. It was not, indeed, entirely satisfactory if judged austerely as Television: there was too much talk (very good talk, some of it, but still talk rather than visually interesting action); so that, except for the Californian beats, with their beards and wild eyes and dirty clothes and banners, one might almost as well have heard it on sound-radio.

All the same, it was fun to see Mort Sahl and Alger Hiss and Norman Thomas (good, grey, essentially optimistic) and Dalton Trumbo, and the interviews with them were packed with memorable or arguable things. Sahl, claiming to be more, not less, rigid in his standards than the average American from whom he dissents, said: 'The entire society is flexible to the point of having no standards', and quoted a typical conversation: 'They say "We just got stereophonic sound" or "We're going to Europe," and they don't understand when I say "It won't help".' Trumbo spoke of the 'squalid inquisitors' who investigated Hollywood script-writers such as he – asking him, for instance, to explain a dangerous line of his that Ginger Rogers had once uttered on the screen: 'Share and share alike – that's democracy.' He also spoke, very justly, of the paralysing effect of the Cold War on American liberals: 'Call a Conservative a Communist and he'll laugh; call a Democrat a Communist and he'll turn pale; call a liberal a Communist and he'll faint dead away.' Even he, though, having agreed that he would 'like to see the circumstances of Socialism', felt bound to add the qualification ' – of Socialism without jails.'

There was a real Communist, Arnold Johnson, in the programme: he had been imprisoned for his ideas – 'or, more accurately, for what some paid stool-pigeon said were my ideas'. There were good old-fashioned non-violent resisters – a Cincinnati pastor, rather Crippsian in a way, except that he had conscientiously refused to pay taxes. There was a Negro entertainer, Nipsy Russell, who told a joke about a bathing-beach full of rich sun-tanners: 'You can't tell the Mau Mau from the Ku Klux sometimes'. There was Norman Mailer, author of *The Naked and the Dead*, once a Socialist but now a preacher of hipsterism – a hip being defined as 'a man who has divorced himself from history, a psychopath.' This brought us to the beats, who, said Mailer, are 'inspired by Barabbas's dying words, "I wanted to be in the middle, but I went too far out."'

We saw quite a few beats. Some were wonderfully 1890ish, they read aloud some surprisingly conventional, and very poor, verse. In the Bread and Wine mission-house a beat poet meandered: 'I'm high most of the time, the sickest of San Fransisco all around me. I want opium . . . I want police – to *give* me opium . . . In a broad sense, all that we have in common is not having money, and Zen Buddhism, and mystical Christianity . . .' Yet there was something phoney, and a certain caution, even here: much of the time he was reading from notes – and he took care to explain that he and his friends were 'not really subversive'. The pressures of American conformity are dominant indeed: perhaps even the dissenters are involved in the 'gigantic swindle' of which one of them spoke. But I liked their nuclear-disarmament slogan, 'No contamination without representation'.

Calm and deft as William Clark was as link-man, I should have liked to see Mr Tynan's fey, lanky self here and there as well. There were some unintentional ironies, *e.g.*, the statement that the Ford Foundation subsidises 'a fund to uphold civil rights' (including the right to strike?); but none of these, in the programme, was so gross or so grotesque as the pseudo-American British commercials which punctuated it, starting with Rowntree's fruit pastilles – 'when you're down at heart, the tingle-tongue taste is the thing for you, the tingle-tongue taste makes your hopes ride high . . .' Better tell the beats: pastilles come cheaper than opium.

TOM DRIBERG

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Time and Fashion

One of the paintings in Eugene Berman's exhibition at the Lefevre is called *Homage to Piranesi: Colosseum, Red Sky*, and practically all of them could be regarded as exercises in self-identification with Piranesi, being, as they are, shadowy crumbling picturesque views of, or caprices on, ancient Roman buildings (even the presentation of the artist's signature, which appears as if inscribed upon a tablet, sustains the likeness). I think it would be just to call Berman a twentieth-century Piranesi: the difference between their visions of the past corresponds closely to the difference between a Cook's Tour and the Grand Tour.

The difference is not one of kind: the portraits of eighteenth-century Englishmen in Rome to be seen now at Burlington House aren't so very far in spirit from snapshots of members of the family posing before the Pantheon, and the tattered refugees from the Blue Period adorning the ruins of a Berman are the descendants of Piranesi's little figures acting the parts of busy locals and visiting antiquaries among the ruins – the past, for the eighteenth century as for ourselves, is a decor to be animated by the living, and within which the living can become dramatic and significant. The vision is not different in kind, only in quality. Piranesi sees the past with love, wonder and nostalgia. Berman uses the past to bring a little easy glamour into our drab today.

Only, not quite today. For Berman's kind of romanticism belongs as firmly to the years between the wars as Ivor Novello's does. Today we have a new kind of fashionable art, one that relates to Dubuffet as Berman's relates to Surrealism: the tiger has had its claws extracted and been fed on cream. I am thinking of the most spectacularly successful of present-day painters under 40, winner against strong competition of last year's Pittsburgh first prize, Antonio Tàpies, some of whose paintings can be seen at present at Tooth's in an exhibition of *La Nueva Pintura de España*. The curious thing is that although Berman and Tàpies are utterly typical of their respective periods and are therefore utterly opposed in style, they have quite a lot in common.

First, there is a common obsession with texture, texture for its own picturesque sake, not a texture that enhances the life of form, that gives form, so to say, a certain temperature, but which is a substitute for form, a gratuitously 'interesting' surface that flirts with our imagination, a layer of cosmetics on a corpse (and it's a fact that those who like art for mainly snobbish reasons tend to gush about qualities of texture, *e.g.* the patina of a sculpture). With Berman, the texture is represented, is the texture belonging to or given to the *subject* of the picture; with Tàpies, the texture belongs to the painting *itself* as an object. Actually, the difference indicates that fashionable art now involves a more sophisticated audience, capable of responding not merely to attributes of the subject-matter but to aesthetic attributes of the picture itself. The works of Tàpies, being built up in cement and therefore having both an intriguing thickness and an evocative roughness, play on this response by the fact that their aesthetic attributes are literally superficial, residing as they do in the actual material and surface of the work.

Now, these attributes are not only appealing but symbolic, in a way brought out by Lawrence Alloway in the course of an analysis of a type of contemporary art to which Tàpies's work belongs.

> Europeans tend to work not only smaller than Americans, as everybody knows, but also thicker . . . By loading the surface these artists stress the object-quality of the work of art (a kind of *malerisch* descent of ideas about 'concrete' art?). There is a connection with relief sculpture, the ambiguous status of which . . . is useful to artists . . . it enables the painter to give his work the substantial existence and object-status natural to sculpture . . . All this has made possible the conversion of the easel picture, not into the arena of American metaphor, but into a graven tablet, a tablet that is often worn and weathered, like an archaeological find.

To be sure, what Alloway says here is just as applicable to a Dubuffet as to a Tàpies. All the same, the archaeological implications are a much more important ingredient in a Tàpies because it is more passive than a Dubuffet, more dependent upon the free play of the spectator's imagination. So the appeal, the fashionable appeal of a Tàpies, resembles that of a Berman in quite a fundamental way: both of them exploit the glamour of Time.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Correspondence

WRONG SIDE OF THE ELBE

SIR, – Like Mr Crossman I have just spent some time on both sides of the Elbe, but my experience in East Germany is not as reassuring as his. I spoke to government officials and was able to make contact with some of my old Socialist colleagues. To claim that 'the school-children and students have been most effectively inoculated against Fascism' is surely wide of the mark. Fascism involves the denial of liberty, and the school-children in East Germany with their classes on Marxism-Leninism learn to justify the denial of liberty and to glorify a state which is a police state. Students are encouraged to spy on their fellow-students and denounce them if their politics are not in accordance with the party line. Does this appear like 'effective inoculation against Fascism'?

The atmosphere in East Germany depressed me since it was so similar to Hitlerism. It is admitted that there was no anti-semitism, but the incessant propaganda, the continuous sloganising, the pressure of the party organisation on all aspects of social and political life, and the endless regimentation took me back to 1933.

There is a danger when discussing Nazi revival in Germany that we confine ourselves to anti-semitism and swastika smearing. Mr Crossman has fallen into this error. He may find in the history books of East Germany that the Hitler period is dealt with adequately, but I am sure he will discover other distortions including a lack of objectivity in dealing with the Hitler-Stalin pact and the allied war effort.

In our desire to examine the dangers of Fascist revival in Germany we should not overlook the fact that young people in East Germany are being brought up in an atmosphere heavy with propaganda, where reading material is restricted, and where freedom is destroyed. This, surely, is a more dangerous form of Fascist revival.

TOM TAYLOR

Tigh an Rhu
Bridge of Weir

NAZI JUDGES

SIR, – The case of Reinhard Strecker and the League of Socialist German Students is a remarkable one. Working in West Berlin for the past three years under suspicion from the East and active hostility from the West, they have collected at great expense a mass of evidence against ex-Nazi officials still in office in the Federal Republic. Last week Strecker filed writs for homicide under the Nazi regime against 43 judges in West Germany – this was the culmination to an exhibition of the documents that showed their complicity. Immediately the Federal Press Office reacted by accusing the organisation of 'fellow-travelling' and said it was 'not to be taken seriously'. The Federal government take it seriously enough to intercept its mail and spy on its West Berlin headquarters. The accusation of Communism and fellow-travelling is laughable to anyone who knows Strecker, and there can be no doubt that the cause of this slander lies in the group's hostility to active ex-Nazis in the government and elsewhere.

The Oxford University Labour Club has fully endorsed Strecker's fight and the matter is soon to be raised by a prominent member of the Labour Party. The German Ambassador is being approached and every effort made to ensure that these cases are heard soon and given the publicity they deserve. We think it important to emphasise that a private individual and a student organisation have been the first to take direct action against a scandal so often denounced in your columns.

STEPHEN CLARKE
RICHARD GOTT

Corpus Christi College
Oxford

DOCTORS COMMONS

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THE ROUTE FOR THE DISCERNING TRAVELLER

IRISH HORSE TRADE

SIR, – Critic in the London Diary, 30 January 1960, wants the Irish to slaughter their own horses, even at the loss of some revenue, and so avoid what he terms 'this disgusting horse traffic'. It seems to me that if there is anything disgusting in this traffic it lies in the actual slaughter of the horses, and not in their transport from one place to another. What really is the difference, in normal weather at any rate, between sending horses by rail and road to the knackers, and by sea? As one who was once, for a time, a seaman on a horse boat – and an Irish one to boot – I can assure Critic that the animals are really kindly treated, and that they do not suffer at all, except in rough weather – from which they are normally protected by the ship putting into a convenient harbour, or under a lee shore.

What is more to the point, however, is Critic's blithe acceptance of the fact that the Irish would lose some revenue, in present circumstances, by setting up their own abattoirs. This is to treat the Irish Republic as if it was on equal economic terms with Britain, where a loss of, say, £100,000 would be a drop in the ocean, any and every year. But Ireland is a poor country, with very little to export except its livestock, and its one great industrial centre of Belfast and its surroundings firmly geared to Britain's economy. The campaign in the British press against the Irish horse trade specifically, to which Critic lends his aid, can only remind some of us who are Irish that, while all men may be created equal, some are undoubtedly more equal than others.

Critic also says there is no older or more discredited way of maintaining an evil than by directing attention to another down the road. This is quite true, but what some of us are trying to point out is that, in the first place, the Irish trade in horses to the Continent is so well conducted that it will stand comparison with horse transport anywhere, whether by sea, rail or road; and secondly that the Irish trade is only a small fraction of the total trade in horsemeat.

And with all respect to Critic, it is a curious thing that the British Animal Protection Societies should be showing such concern over what happened in one Irish ship to some horses, while they have so signally failed to prevent systematic cruelty to wild animal life in Britain, where the hunt is more popular today than ever before. If it is fundamentally cruel to transport horses by sea – or by air? – then what about British racehorses going to America, or Irish horses being bought and raced on British tracks?

The fact is that the horses sent from Ireland – or Germany or Denmark – to France and Belgium perform a last useful function for human beings as food for Continental tables. So do the horses slaughtered in British abattoirs for British tables; or put into tins for food for British pets. The Irish themselves would probably die on the roadsides (to which they are historically accustomed) before they would eat horsemeat.

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BODLEY HEAD

INDIA'S AGRICULTURAL DEFEAT

SIR, – During a recent visit to India, I had the opportunity of discussing Professor Dumont's article, *India's Agricultural Defeat*, with a number of authorities, including Mr Nehru. They agree with Dumont's account of the difficulties and setbacks which have befallen their agricultural programme, but contend that his recitation of failures gives a distorted impression of the progress which has been achieved over the country as a whole. They disagree with his gloomy forecast of the deficit that is likely to develop during the course of the third five-year plan, from 1961 to 1966.

Professor Dumont said that the present trend of production would yield 82 million tons of food grains by the end of that period, and compared with this the 110 million tons which, according to the Ford Foundation's report, will be required to meet the needs of India's increasing population.

Those whom I consulted consider the Ford Foundation figure to be unreasonably high. They say that 95 million tons would be sufficient to allow for a yearly population growth of two per cent together with a yearly rise of three per cent in the amount of food available *per capita*. At present production is running at the annual rate of 75 million tons and they believe that, as a result of the various measures in hand, which include an eightfold increase in fertiliser supply, a 20-million ton increase can be achieved and, with any luck, exceeded. Some import of grain will be required for stock purposes, but the amount should be well within the realm of manageable possibility.

I am, of course, in no position to judge the validity of these estimates, which must anyhow be considered against the background of unpredictable monsoons. I can only say that those responsible for India's agricultural development, who are well aware of all the obstacles, maintain that these figures are realistic and that there is no justification for Professor Dumont's alarmist view of the situation.

GEORGE STRAUSS

House of Commons

THE COMMANDING HEIGHTS

SIR, – Your editorial 'The Commanding Heights' reads very plausibly. The argument that it would make the worst of both worlds to leave key industries in private hands but try to control them in accordance with public policy was one of the strong Socialist arguments of the Thirties, and probably still is. But, with all respect, will the argument carry conviction to those of us who have long wanted to see 'a planned programme of stable and rapid growth', in the light of the experience of the post-war Labour government?

It doesn't to me. I have been a Socialist since the mid-Thirties; I am a scientist, and have seen what the application of rational analysis and planning can do in industry and in the armed services. I have yet to see a realisation of the possibilities at the national level. The 1945 government showed only too clearly that, though it had both a wide system of controls and a number of nationalised industries through which to realise an overall policy, it was barren of ideas of how to control, whether from the point of view of formulating (except in the most nebulous terms) where the economy should be going or from the point of view of analysis of what was happening to take proper corrective action. The Economic Planning Board remained almost wholly concerned with monetary policy; and the various advisory sections at the Treasury and the Board of Trade were largely ignored (most of the staff of these whom I knew personally suffered from a feeling of intense frustration).

Unfortunately, little is coming out of the Labour Party to suggest that they have any better ideas now than they had in 1945. Nothing has followed up Marris's Fabian pamphlet (*The Machinery of Economic Policy*, 1945). Nothing is heard about the encouragement of the study of economic movements on the lines successfully applied in Norway and Holland. The cybernetic ians claim that advances could be made along 'learning machine' lines: this claim deserves scrutiny. Till the Labour Party shows some realisation that it has some positive ideas on how to plan, those who think like me will remain highly sceptical about the desirability of the government getting more nationalised industries or other economic levers to plan with.

TOM BUSHEL

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR, – I have no desire to prolong this correspondence, which I am sure many of your readers find as wearisome as I do. But may I make a few final comments? Mr Drewitt writes: 'I feel that Father Eastwell cannot solve the difficulty' and adds that the consequences of this failure 'are ruinous to the claims of Catholic Church'. With all respect, I suggest that Mr Drewitt's personal difficulties remain personal to him and their solution or non-solution in no way affects (still less is 'ruinous to') the claims of the Church. Those claims stand whether Mr Drewitt agrees with them or not. It seems to me that the distinction between the 'safe period' and contraception should now be clear enough and that the parallel is adequate to illustrate this distinction. Briefly: in the parallel, the desire is to remarry and the desire is carried out by waiting for the opportunity of a natural death (very different from arranging an unnatural one); in the case at issue, the desire is to avoid conception and the desire is carried out by waiting for the opportunity of a natural period of infertility (very different from arranging an unnatural obstacle at a time of natural fertility).

Mr Pearson's assumption that all celibate clergy are sexually abnormal is presumably based on the very dangerous idea that normal people cannot control their sexual urges. But I am sure that he knows – as I do – many unmarried men and women of all ages who live happy and contented lives without any sexual activity. Is he really content to dismiss them all sweepingly as sexually abnormal? Would he call the husband who insists on forcing himself on his wife (in 'Health Visitor's' story) sexually normal? I am sure that all NEW STATESMAN readers would agree with me about this outrage to married love and the wife's human dignity. But does 'Health Visitor' think that contraception is the answer? Is it not more likely to encourage the husband to continue acting like an animal?

The evil goes much deeper, as Mr O'Connor says. If you start with the idea that self-control is probably harmful and usually impossible, I can quite see that a life of celibacy seems an impossible vocation. It would be completely impossible for a person whose parents had inflicted on him an education based on 'Don't frustrate

the child: let it do what it likes' and 'Don't teach it any religion: let it grow up and choose for itself'. Grown up, selfishness and self-indulgence, will have got such a hold that respect for law and the rights of others will be very unlikely and the person will be very lucky to escape becoming a juvenile delinquent – or a husband like the man in 'Health Visitor's' story.

But because a person who accepts this sort of tradition finds sexual control practically impossible, it does not follow that someone brought up and living in a saner school of thought will also do. It will still be very difficult for many (especially in a world that is so complacent about sexy propaganda). As a priest working in a parish I would be the last to deny the difficulties. It would take a heart of stone not to be compassionate with them. But it is no true compassion to encourage someone to commit a sin. Contraception is just as much against the law of God as murder, unjust war, unjust social conditions, oppression, racial discrimination, callousness to refugees – or sponsoring sexy advertisements, films or books. The Church did not make these laws: she only has the commission to teach and interpret them, not to change them.

At least we all agree that there is something radically wrong with the world and we all try in our own ways to build a better one. But Catholics hold that a better world can only be one based on God's law – and that to keep that law presupposes and demands a great deal of self-control.

R. H. EASTWELL

Wimbledon College
SW19

SIR, – The correspondence on birth control raises the whole question of the meaning and purpose of marriage. Your correspondent J. P. O'Connor states that the chief purpose of marriage is procreation. This view is of course held by the Roman Catholic Church and widely believed by Christians of other denominations. The Anglican Prayer Book states it in the marriage service. If it is not true, the only real reason for condemning birth control loses its force. However, the consequences of a different view are altogether wider and deeper than this one issue, important though it is.

The Lambeth Report which approves birth control, responsibly used, may be taken by Roman Catholics as a sign of bowing to expediency. Though the problem of famine and over population, far too serious itself to be dismissed as a matter of mere expediency, clearly influenced the bishops' decision, it was not the only or the the chief reason for it. They recognise that the personal relationship between husband and wife, pressed physically by coitus, is at least as important portant as procreation and that the act of coitus has a value in itself as an outward sign of what should be a continuous reality. This idea is recognised in a Roman Catholic book called *Love, Marriage and Chastity* by E. Mersch translated anonymously in 1928. The translator adds a note on p 16: 'The researches of Drs Ogino and Knaus have recently established the fact that nature itself separates the unitive from the reproductive function in human beings to the remarkable extent that during more than two thirds of the time available for the act of physical union, reproduction is physically impossible. It stands to reason therefore, that nature, which allots such an ample proportion of time for the non-reproductive act, must have a purpose to achieve by its means which is quite independent of reproduction and in some respects comparable to it in importance.' Apart from this two-thirds, a woman when her time of child-bearing is completely over, does not immediately cease to desire coitus, and even the Roman Catholic church does not condemn it in these circumstances.

Her real view of marriage, however, is still that, if consummated, it is a necessary evil, though this is usually disguised by lip service to the beauties of family life. St Augustine and others declared that the best marriage was one without any coitus at all (Xmas sermons; section 21, p. 49 in the Ancient Writers Series, Vol XV), and a modern writer has declared that the defence of Mary's perpetual virginity has thrown light on the true meaning of marriage. H. Davis SJ, writing in his *Moral and Pastoral Theology* for priests, and therefore being more outspoken than most statements for the general public, says: 'We must take man as we find him, and man has a fleshly concupiscence that has a legitimate outlet in marriage. Married people have been canonised by the church, though it has ever held that the state of virginity is the higher and nobler state, and absolutely more pleasing to God'.

Nowhere, apart from recent tentative hints, have all churches so much failed to help the ordinary person with the deepest experiences of life as in the sphere of marriage and sex generally, and probably this is partly why they are so often unheeded. As a Christian I believe it is a large part of the church's duty to interpret to people the true meaning and value of their own deepest impulses. If you dismiss an impulse as bad or trivial, you debase it.

That procreation is marriage's chief aim, is finally disproved, I think, by cases of involuntarily childless marriages in which the relationship between the partners is not merely happy but has clearly deepened and enriched their personalities. Otherwise, one would logically have to suppose that they would have been better off as simply friends. I have met such a couple. Once the husband said, as axiomatic: 'of course marriage is for procreation'. I tried to explain it as a union of the whole personalities on all levels. They said: 'no one has even told us that before'; and the husband said: 'you needn't feel you've been a failure then.' As new to marriage and inexperienced, I had found it a privilege to know people who were such a success. The churches in which they grew up had done nothing to interpret what in their case was obviously the most valuable thing in their lives, or to relate it to Christian teaching as a whole.

ANN DAWES

The Vicarage
Endon
Stoke-on-Trent

SIR, – The holiest of all physical activities is eating and drinking, because without it life itself would cease. The main purpose of eating and drinking is to nourish the body. The secondary purpose is to enjoy food and drink. Can we therefore hope that His Holiness will excommunicate all Catholics who frustrate the main purpose of this holy activity by having a glass of wine when they are no longer thirsty or a piece of cake when they are no longer hungry?

M. HARRISON

65 Princes Avenue W3

NEW POEMS – 1961

SIR – For seven years P.E.N. anthologies of new verse have appeared, and this coming autumn the eighth, *New Poems, 1960* (originally intended to be *New Poems, 1959*, but deferred due to the printing strike) will come out under Hutchinson's imprint. The editors of the volume were Terence Tiller, Anthony Cronin and Jon Silkin. The ninth volume in the series, *New Poems, 1961*, will also be brought out by Hutchinson's, and the editors will be William Plomer, Hilary Corke and Anthony Thwaite.

I should be grateful if you would allow me, as in past years, to invite your readers to submit work for consideration by the editors, *New Poems, 1961*, P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

Not more than two poems should be submitted by each poet, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return. (Those who wish their mss to be acknowledged on arrival should *also* enclose a stamped addressed postcard.) The closing date for entries is 31 March 1960. Poems which have appeared in book form cannot be considered, but work which has been published in periodicals during 1950-60 is eligible. Payment will be made for all poems accepted.

DAVID CARVER

PEN
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Brothers' War

THE bibliography of the American Civil War, and of the years immediately before it, is probably the largest surrounding any event in modern history. It runs to something like a thousand volumes of memoirs, histories, critiques, analyses and biographies, of vastly uneven quality; in the century that has passed since Fort Sumter was fired upon, it has attracted the scholarship not only of America, but of every important European country; it was the quarry from which was hewn one of the finest long poems of the last thirty years, Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*, as well as one of the best, and one of the best-selling, novels of America, *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Gone with the Wind*. Though only one contemporary American in five (and one non-American in five thousand) could, as J. C. Furnas points out, say just who John Brown was or what he did, everyone the world over knows that his soul goes marching on.

Does the real importance of the Civil War justify this enormous concentration of interest, scholarly and amateur? Or are people drawn to it from mere curiosity because it is a bright splash of colour, borrowed from an earlier century, to relieve the stuffy tranquillity of the mid-nineteenth? Or is this interest primarily a sentimental one, the attraction to the lost cause with Robert E. Lee doubling for Prince Charlie and Jeb Stuart for Prince Rupert? Or is it, perhaps, only one more instance of the power of the Americans – with a unique conjunction of heroism, poetry, and bathos in their national tradition – to impose upon themselves and on the rest of the world an epic conception of their own history?

Certainly, all these elements have contributed to the aura of myth and fantasy which encompasses what to many elderly Americans is still 'the war' (in the same way that World War I is still 'the war' to many elderly Britons). The more than life-size statues of scores of second-rate or unimportant military commanders, Confederate and Federal, litter the market squares of American small towns. Minor battles have been treated as if they were Thermopylaes. And above all, the South, and the quality of Southern life, have been invested with a bogus romanticism, not only by Americans but by Europeans afflicted by nostalgia for the virtues of their own vanishing pastoral or aristocratic societies. Anyone who has read that brilliant book, too little known in England, *The Mind of the South* by W. J. Cash, or who has looked below the magnolia-scented, Technicolor surface, can have few illusions about the squalid and brutal values of plantation life in the cotton states, and the unaristocratic structure of society in the other Southern states, except Virginia.

Yet when all this is said it is hard to underrate the importance of the Civil War or to remain unmoved by the poignancy of its narrative. For one thing, it is not yet over. Civil war has always left a far deeper and more enduring scar than the struggles of sovereign states. There were many sober citizens in England who kept 'stout Oliver's' portrait in a discreet place well into the reign of the Georges; the political and social consequences of the Forty-Five persisted in Scotland into the reign of Queen Victoria; and there are signs that the bitterness engendered by the Spanish Civil War is at this moment increasing rather than decreasing. Consequently it is not surprising that, despite the vast changes that have taken place in the structure of American society over the past century, the effects of 'the war' and of the grisly period of reconstruction that followed it should still lie buried beneath the skin, occasionally erupting in an ugly abscess like Little Rock; or that most Southerners should still vote as a matter of course against the party that prosecuted the war, whatever material benefits it may bring.

The continuing importance of the Civil War lies in the fact that its causes, its course and effects, are not just a chapter in one nation's history. It was the foundation of the modern United States, with all the ramifications that the rise of that country as a titanic industrial power has had upon the course of events in this century. For it was, as Allan Nevins points out, 'a peoples' war, a *Volkskrieg*, in a fuller sense than any earlier conflict of modern times'. Mr Nevins, whose lifetime of scholarly industry has given him an eminence among American historians analogous to that of George Trevelyan in this country, here presents the fifth volume of his great Macaulayan ten-volume study of *The Ordeal of the Union*. In *The Improvised War* he attempts to weave together a great many threads, and if the course of the actual military operations is not as successfully delineated as elsewhere (the maps, for instance, are atrocious), one should not complain. For the centre of his focus is not the battlefield but the room in the White House with its shabby furniture and worn carpet where the stooped, unhappy, inexperienced figure of Lincoln struggled patiently (and in that year for the most part unsuccessfully) to create a war machine within a nation that had no popular military tradition, whose industries were still mostly composed of small family businesses, and by means of a Federal Administration which had hitherto presided over rather than governed the country. Allan Nevins's portrait of the confusion and intrigue in Washington in those first months has never been bettered, and already, even as early as 1861, the reader can trace for himself that genius for improvisation which was to produce the great industrial and financial combines of modern America. Even if the slavery issue had been settled without the secession of the South, it is very possible that, had no such titanic effort been required a hundred years ago, America might have emerged into the twentieth century as a sprawling collection of parochial and economically backward communities with no central machinery on which even a strong President, a Wilson or the two Roosevelts, could build a national or an international policy.

The second reason why the Civil War has proved so riveting to the scholar and the amateur alike is that it was both the first modern and the last medieval war. Modern, in that not only was it the first war to necessitate something approaching total mobilisation of all forms of resources, men, money and materials, on both sides, but it was the first in which the railway, the telegraph, the ironclad ship, and the rifle not only were used but were decisive. (The Union army even had an air force in the form of some wobbly observation balloons.) Medieval, in that it was the last war in which cavalry played an essential role, the last before the machine-gun and high-explosive shell drove soldiers underground, the last in which close order drill was not a parade ground but a battlefield manoeuvre, the last in which a bishop commanded troops (Bishop-General Leonidas Polk, CSA) and not least, medieval in its standards of nursing, medicine, and the treatment of prisoners, as the grim photographs and lithographs in *They Who Fought Here* – a pictorial history of this side of the war – emphasise only too graphically. Mr Burke Davis's collection of eyewitness accounts of the final days, including that of the knightly Lee rendering up his sword at Appomatox to a tousled Grant who had forgotten to unpack his own, is the epitome of this division.

But the fact that it stands at the point of transition between two epochs would be a matter of curiosity only, were it not for the quality of the leadership it evoked. It is true that the names of Lee, Johnston and Jackson on the one side, and Grant, Sherman and Sheridan on the other, tend to divert attention from the host of incompetent generals, particularly in the Union forces, whom political or other pressures elevated to high commands. Yet those six men alone were all in their different ways commanders of genius, and there have been few wars in history which can justify so large a pantheon. And through the whole story stalks the figure of Lincoln, a man of such size that no statue, biography, play nor poem ever has successfully encompassed him – Lincoln who, in the end, proved so much more profound a strategist than

---

The War for the Union, Vol. 1, *The Improvised War, 1861-62*. By ALLAN NEVINS. *Scribners*. 52*s*. 6*d*.

Sherman. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Stevens*. 50*s*.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By FRANK A. HASKELL. Ed. BRUCE CATTON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 25*s*.

To Appomatox, Nine April Days, 1865. By BURKE DAVIS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 50*s*.

The Road to Harpers Ferry. By J. C. FURNAS. *William Sloane* (New York). $6.00.

A John Brown Reader. Ed. LOUIS RUCHAMES. *Abelard-Schuman*. 30*s*.

They Who Fought Here. By B. I. WILEY and H. D. MILHOLLEN. *Macmillan*. 70*s*.

Jefferson Davis, the cleverest boy in his class at West Point.

Since British historians, from Bryce to Brogan, have made as great a contribution to the illumination of American history as American scholars themselves, it is not surprising that two of the best Civil War biographies should have been written by Englishmen, Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson* and B. H. Liddell Hart's *Sherman*. The latter was first published in 1930, and its republication has long been overdue, for Liddell Hart describes the campaigns – particularly the complicated manoeuvring west of the Alleghenies – with a clarity which the more emotional American accounts rarely achieve. He rightly regards Sherman as the most far-sighted strategist of the war, the man who saw that, even after Gettysburg, wars between soldiers could only cruelly prolong the conflict, and that the shortest and humanest way to victory, once a firm basis had been established in the West, was to skirt Lee's armies and to strike deep into the bowels of the Confederacy, laying waste peaceful farms and townships as he went.

> He perceived that the resisting power of a modern democracy depends more on the strength of the popular will than on the strength of its armies, and that this will depends largely upon economic and social security. To interrupt the ordinary life of the people and quench hope of its resumption is more effective than any military result short of the complete destruction of the armies.

But perhaps the chief reason why this brothers' war (to take one instance out of many, Philip St George Cooke, commanding the Union cavalry, was fighting against not only his son-in-law Jeb Stuart, but his own son John) compels one's interest is that few crises in human affairs have been more graphically recorded. Matthew Brady's photographs are as powerfully evocative as the cleverest Leicawork of the most skilled timelifeman. Frank Haskell, killed a year later at Cold Harbor, was a young Union staff officer at Gettysburg. He is standing a few yards behind the dry stone wall on Cemetery Ridge as the last desperate Confederate effort, Pickett's charge, gathers momentum towards them.

> All was orderly and still upon our crest; . . . The click of the locks as each man raised the hammer to feel with his fingers that the cap was on the nipple; the sharp jar as a musket touched a stone upon the wall when thrust in aiming over it, and the clicking of the iron axles as the guns were rolled up a little further to the front, were quite all the sounds that could be heard. . . . The trefoil flags [insigna of the Second Corps] colors of the brigades and divisions moved to their places in rear; but along the lines in front the grand old ensign that first waved in battle at Saratoga in 1777, and which these people coming would rob of half its stars, stood up, and the west wind kissed it as the sergeants sloped its lance towards the enemy.

Twenty-five years later Matthew Arnold wrote an elaborate essay to prove that Americans had no natural sense of style.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

The Ritualists

The summer spell that charmed my youth
Burns to a focus once again.
Eleven filing figures pass
Out across the shaven grass
To pace their ritual again;

But dance or drama? When the two
Batsmen gravely come to rest
All lean forward to enclose
This green field of classic prose:
All far conflicts drawn to rest.

Yet, as a subtle novelist
Deploys quiet forces in a room,
The tension they maintain out here
Brings white, elaborate gestures near
That fold us to one narrow room

Where willow and leather symbolise
All thrust, all parry of this world.
Flaccid spectators, we may not
Captain, challenge, bowl or bat
Yet formal games define our world.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE

Casting the Chains

Jameson's Raid. By ELIZABETH PAKENHAM. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36*s*.

The squalid little foray known as the Jameson Raid was about as futile and mismanaged a piece of blundering as any of the imperial records can show. It was supposed to go to the aid of a number of wealthy businessmen in Johannesburg who were supposed to stage a rising against the Boer government of the Transvaal Republic. The rising never took place. The raid ended in fiasco. And even if the rising had taken place – as Jameson thought it would – there is every reason to believe these appallingly led troopers would have ended exactly in the same way – with heavy loss of life to themselves and humiliation to their commanders.

So why keep harping on the raid? The reasons are two. However much of a failure, the Jameson Raid was certainly the curtain-raiser to the bitter tragedy that climaxed in the Anglo-Boer War. And then the question still nags: how much did Joe Chamberlain really know, and how much was Jameson right in thinking (as he unquestionably did) that the British Government would back him – *if* he pulled it off?

Nine years ago a South African historian, Jean van der Poel, published a brilliant analysis of the political background to the raid. Using material not previously available to the public, she built up a strong case against Chamberlain's denial of complicity. Elizabeth Pakenham now replies with a book which offers, as well as a lively description of Jameson's adventure, a somewhat half-hearted defence of Chamberlain. She comes to the conclusion that Chamberlain, on balance, was more sinned against than sinning; that he knew a good deal but not everything of what Rhodes and Jameson were plotting; and that 'his honour, on any fair assessment, was vindicated'.

I do not personally think that she makes this case. But then, does it really matter? Perhaps it is unfair to complain of being offered an apple when what one wants is an orange; but I cannot help thinking that Lady Pakenham would have done better to have

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left Joe Chamberlain's reputation alone, and given her sensitive and dramatic talent a chance to illustrate the real theme of these tragic years – the delivery of southern Africa's millions into the bondage that culminates, today, in Dr Verwoerd. As it is, she paints an astonishing picture of the greed and skulduggery and plain foolishness that occurred before, during, and after the raid; and leads one breathlessly on to a last scene – which turns out to be Joe Chamberlain's reputation. Who cares about that? Being a thoroughgoing imperialist, Chamberlain paddled through the mire of lies and violence and political corruption that followed in the wake of Cecil Rhodes. That, it seems to me, is about all one needs to say on the subject. What happened to the Africans – in no insignificant degree because of Jameson – is much more interesting.

This said, it remains to add that Lady Pakenham has made an excellent job of describing the circumstances of the raid. There are many good things in her book. As, for instance, the evidence of the mean little part that was played by the *Times*. Deeply involved in the whole affair – which was to cost quite a few lives of Non-Top People, apart from its fearful consequences to South Africa – the *Times* kept its eye firmly on the main chance. Just before the rising in Johannesburg was supposed to occur, Moberley Bell, the manager of the *Times*, sent this telegraphed message to the 'rebels' through his special correspondent in South Africa:

> I want to impress on Rhodes that we hope the *New Company* will not *commence business* on a Saturday.
>
> P.S. Because of Sunday papers.
>
> Business, after all, is business.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

The Hollow Men

Senator Joe McCarthy. By RICHARD ROVERE. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Here at last is an assessment of the most shameful episode in American history, by a worthy author – Richard Rovere, who helps to write Adlai Stevenson's speeches, in addition to covering Washington for the *New Yorker*. True, his *Senator Joe McCarthy* is not a full-length study but an essay – brief, elegant and, at 18s, a trifle expensive. Nevertheless, the essential evidence is here. We see McCarthy as he really was, a demagogue who collapsed into obscurity the moment anyone stood up to him. We also see the American Establishment – with the notable exception of the Supreme Court – exhibiting a collective pusillanimity, by contrast with which the German democrats who feebly resisted Hitler appear as men of shining principle and heroic courage. Here is the story of how a threat to freedom evaporated without anyone of importance risking his skin or even sticking his neck out.

The first vital fact established by Mr Rovere is that McCarthy succeeded not despite but because of his lies and contempt for the law. He started his criminal career, as a judge in Wisconsin, by burning certain documents which would have revealed to the Court of Appeal a corrupt decision he had given. Thence he made a quick escape into the Air Force, where he did a safe job, far removed from combat – only to defeat La Follette in 1946 by campaigning under the slogan, 'A Tail Gunner for Washington'. Once in the Senate, he got the DFC, which is only given for at least 30 combat missions, as well as the Purple Heart, which he earned for a limp acquired by falling down a companion-way on an aircraft carrier during an Equator-crossing party. His first flagrantly corrupt practice as a Senator was to accept $10,000 from the Lustron Corporation for helping to defeat a public housing Bill. Later he received thousands of dollars a week for his anti-Communist crusade and spent them on himself, since he had no kind of organisation. In 1952 the Sub-Committee on Privileges and Elections, then dominated by the Democrats, examined the evidence which proved the extent of his corruption. Five times McCarthy was summoned to attend, but never bothered to turn up. Three times the chairmanship was changed. Finally, a few weeks before the election, the Committee reported, 'We do not wish to be accused of discourtesy. So we issued no subpoena but only raised certain questions.' After the Republican victory, McCarthy was, of course, sheltered by his own party.

McCarthy had no more respect for the Senate than for the law, and constantly violated every one of its hallowed procedures. For years no Senator protested. Senator Lodge, for example, who represents the United States at the United Nations, voted for him to the last. And Senator Kennedy, who now hopes to be the next Democratic President, never spoke or voted against him. Even as late as February 1954, the appropriation for his Sub-Committee was passed with the one dissentient vote of Senator Fulbright. McCarthy's rapid climb to power demonstrates, in fact, that in the United States fraud, illegality and corruption can win the cheers of the masses and the connivance of the Establishment, as long as they are successful.

The second essential fact established by Mr Rovere is that whereas Hitler, Mussolini and even Huey Long went into politics in order to change things, McCarthy was a go-getter, out for notoriety and cash, who stumbled by chance on the idea of the witch-hunt at a lunch with three distinguished Catholics, a few weeks after the verdict against Alger Hiss. To get this wild young Senator back on the rails, they suggested he might help in the crusade against the Reds. Hence his appearance at a minor women's rally at Wheeling, Ohio, where he made the famous claim that he held in his hand a list of 281 card-carrying Communists in the State Department. Actually he had no list, nor did he ever name a single Communist in the State Department; and, when he tried to defend himself a few days later in the Senate, his speech was such arrant nonsense that every Republican, from Taft downwards, cut him dead. But the speech made McCarthy a national hero, and within a few days every Republican, from Taft downwards, was climbing on to his bandwagon. The witch-hunt was on.

McCarthy himself cared nothing about the Communist threat: what he enjoyed was exposing the rottenness of the American Establishment and seeing all the respectable cringe before him. And how they cringed! In sheer self-defence, Dean Acheson, as Secretary of State, froze into an anti-Communist posture from which he has never been able to release himself. General Marshall, when accused by McCarthy of high treason, felt obliged to resign within a few months. Even the powerful Senator Tydings, who conducted the first investigation into McCarthy's charges, went down in that infamous election when Eisenhower was swept to power under the banner of McCarthyism. Mr Taft assured the new President that he had 'fixed' McCarthy. But within a few weeks Mr Dulles at the State Department and Mr Stevens at the Army Department were doing his bidding; and after eighteen months his career was only halted by his Quixotic loyalty to that fantastic pair of underlings, Cohn and Schine. Up to the last, the Senate tried to avoid action. But the mildest vote of censure was enough for a demagogue with no taste for political power. One tiny prick was sufficient to puncture this balloon, and McCarthy spent his last three years drinking, dicing and speculating in real estate. Even in death he terrorised Washington. He was the first Senator for 17 years to be given a funeral in the Senate Chamber. The Chaplain praised him as a warrior fallen on the ramparts of freedom and the panegyric spoken by a colleague ended, 'Goodbye, Joe. When you reach the Pearly Gates I am sure your batting average will measure up and please St. Peter.'

Mr Rovere's conclusions are a little complacent for my taste. He exonerates the press from the charge of failing to defend freedom on the ground that, since everything Senator McCarthy said was 'news', every paper was in duty bound to publish it. A glance at the way American editors treat Communist 'news' is sufficient to reveal the disingenuousness of this defence. In fact, the press was raped, as Hollywood was, and liked it. Mr Rovere concludes that America was lucky to get rid of this demagogue so easily. Lucky, indeed! McCarthy was America's Poujade, and the ease with which he won popularity and power by his lies and frauds exposed in the democracy of his country a horrifying lack of inner conviction, shared equally by the masses below and the politicians up above. Mr Rovere seems strangely unaware that the real danger to the hollow men of an unconvinced democracy is not a Poujade but a de Gaulle.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Miracle-Worker

God's Frontier. By MARTIN DESCALZO. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

This novel has lately won the Nadal Prize in Spain. It is written by a young priest, Martín Descalzo, who represents the new Catholic drive which is on splendid terms with the Spanish censorship. The story is concerned with Renato, a sympathetic and misunderstood railway signalman who is embarrassed by an occasional ability to perform miracles. He falls into cold sweats, hot sweats, vomits and so on; he raises the dead. More strikingly, he causes the large stone cross in his village which has been thrown down and broken up, to reassemble itself and stand up once more. This highly symbolic revival occurs when the village is suffering from drought and the peasants are torn between prayer and blasphemy, and we see the puzzled Renato plagued by the sinners of the place who are anxious for his gift of miracle-working to be put to useful and money-making ends. Why not another Lourdes, a tourist industry and so on?

This and the satire on the 'good' Catholic ladies are certainly in the vein of contemporary Catholic nonconformity, but to compare an arch little religious fairy-tale, as the publishers do, with the writings of Bernanos, is farcical. The interesting Catholic rebels have had passion, intellectual force and social indignation, which are entirely missing from the neat work of this playful young Spanish priest. *God's Frontier* is merely one more sigh about the naughtiness of peasants, the sleepiness of God and the embarrassments of sanctity. Fortunately the signalman, who did his job mainly by intuition or second sight, worked on a branch line with few trains.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

Two Weeks in Another Town. By IRWIN SHAW. *Cape.* 18*s.*

The Paving Stones of Hell. By ANDREI BRAUN. Translated by H. C. STEVENS. *Putnam.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Camphor. By JAMES GARFORD. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Paved with Gold. By DAVE WALLIS. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

He Who Rides a Tiger. By BHABANI BHATTACHARYA. *Angus & Robertson.* 16*s.*

Rebel against the Light. By ALEXANDER RAMATI. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Two Weeks in Another Town is a competent piece of magazine fiction and need not be discussed with any seriousness. The trained reader will find little to bewilder him. He will recognise the characters and the situations, and he will be warmed by the familiar mixture of sex, psychology and pseudo-profundity. The hero is a handsome American NATO official, a former film-star; he lives in Paris with his French wife and their two children. He goes to Rome for a fortnight. But let the blurb take over.

> A girl falls in love with him, and disappears. An ex-wife, whom he has hated, makes a disturbing appearance; he is the witness to the collapse of a once-famous film director who has been his friend . . .
>
> For two weeks he is exposed to the full heat of a tragic, exploding society. The conversation is a roar of talk about love, art, war, politics, death, betrayal, poverty, money. He is haunted by memories of his youth and the night is made hideous for him by fearful dreams.

It should be added that, time being short, the girl gets into bed with the hero within half-an-hour; that the ex-wife is a nymphomaniac and is last seen in bed, with the hero again; that the film-director is equally lively and is in fact described by the nymphomaniac as 'the best lay in town'. Nor has mention been made of the uneducated oil millionaire and his barren, alcoholic wife. The problems of these people are skilfully interwoven and handled with 'compassion' and a tidy shrewdness: the millionaire's wife, for instance, is alcoholic because she is barren, the director is destroyed by his wife because she can only then be sure of his love. The frightening thing is that the novel is nowhere wholly absurd. The standards of this sort of American machine-writing are high; the counterfeit gets to resemble the real more and more.

The Paving Stones of Hell was published in Poland in 1957; that is its main interest. The story of arrest, imprisonment and false confession is well known, and this novel corroborates much of what we have read. A Warsaw editor, himself a communist intolerant of deviation, is suddenly arrested on a charge of collaborating with the Gestapo during the war. His friends are astonished, but they are sure that 'our best men are in Security' and they soon believe in his guilt. The editor's confession, a year later, removes all doubt. His wife divorces him and marries one of his friends. Then the editor is released. Everyone has been betrayed and is guilty of betrayal. So far as one can tell from the translation, Andrei Braun is an elegant writer, with a gift for lively description. But his tragedy falls a little flat: there is insufficient passion, and even the anger is still constricted by dogma.

Camphor is a first novel, an untidy assemblage of adolescent and undergraduate experience that adds up to little. The hero is a garrulous Roman Catholic who is presented as a 'mystery'; he combines strong belief with strong drink, strong language and weak women. A not unfamiliar mystery; one thinks of the lines in *Punch* about Mr Graham Greene:

> Both Saint and sinner teeter on hell's brink.
> The gangster genuflects; priests take to drink.

Mr Garford overdoes the mystery; an oblique narrative method that dispenses with linking passages cannot hide the thinness of the material; nor can the sudden, ill-sustained and puzzling lyrical outbursts about Norfolk, with words like 'a-singing' and 'a-viking' and 'a-tingle' and 'o' nights'. But Mr Garford has a talent; what he does next may be of interest.

Love stories in hard covers seldom end happily. *Paved with Gold* is a love story; it does not end happily. The contemporary touch is that the lovers have both risen out of the working class and feel burdened by their background; this eventually drives them apart. The young man models himself on his employer, a self-made, pushing, crude estate-agent; the girl has been to a university and holds a responsible job in a City firm, but her father washes glasses in a pub and is determined to resist all improving pressures. Mr Wallis's portraits are clear and sympathetic, if slightly superficial for the type of novel he has attempted. His detail is better than his story, which hangs too much on coincidence. One feels that with a little less plot and a little more depth Mr Wallis may turn out to be very good indeed. At the moment his

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writing is a mixture of J. B. Priestley and Patrick Hamilton, without the richness of the one or the passion of the other.

Story-telling is an Indian gift; the novel is not. It is still felt to be frivolous; R. K. Narayan is more admired outside India, where *The Razor's Edge* is generally regarded as a masterpiece. Mr Bhattacharya is an excellent story-teller, hampered by the novel form and a sense of purpose. In *He Who Rides a Tiger*, set in the Bengal of 1944, he attacks the hypocrisies and cruelties of the caste-system, and the callousness of Indians to the sufferings of others. He is violent and ingenuous, but the anger comes through the verbiage. One is oppressed, then hardened, by the misery and horror. The skeleton-exporter who openly collects corpses is a businessman, not a ghoul; the magistrate who openly asks the thief, 'Why do you have to live?' is not asking a stupid question. Novels like this can only do India good, and may even revive the spirit of service among Indians.

Rebel against the Light is yet another of those vulgar novels to come out of Israel. The pattern is well known: the fighting and other excitement in the background ('No, monsieur! I am not talking about the typhoid – an epidemic of rabies has broken out!'); the romance in the foreground, lumbering over the usual obstacles. The obstacle this time is the failure of the Iraqi Jewess in a lightning culture test set by the hero. But soon enough of course he sees her peasant virtues, and:

> [He] took her in his arms and kissed her face, saying 'Deborah' and 'I love you' and 'Deborah' again. Her arms were around him, holding him tightly . . .

V. S. NAIPAUL

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THE NEW STATESMAN CRITICS WERE RIGHT— BOTH BOOKS ARE NOW REPRINTING

Secker & Warburg

Mental Hospital

The Pane of Glass. By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

In America, as in Britain, the last few years have seen something of a revolution in public attitudes towards mental illness. The discovery by people at large that insanity can be successfully treated, and a growing appreciation of the interdependence of mind and body, have awakened interest in a major social problem that was until recently the concern only of those it immediately touched. There has been a steady stream of press articles, radio and television programmes directed towards a better understanding of mental illness, and a deeper sympathy with its countless sufferers. But this book from America is the first comprehensive, balanced and informed account of what is actually happening in mental hospitals today.

His publisher describes Mr Martin as 'the greatest American reporter in the field of social service', and for once such a claim may well be valid. The task he undertook was ambitious, and it is hard to see how it could have been better done. He takes a single mental hospital – Columbus State, in Ohio, which he shows to be neither better nor worse than the average state hospital – as a microcosm of the whole problem of mental illness and its treatment. Psychiatrists, administrators and nurses are closely questioned about their difficulties, their successes and failures. Detailed case-histories of selected patients illustrate, in moving terms, the nature of different types of mental disease. It is largely this method, backed by a mass of factual information, that gives to *The Pane of Glass* the stamp of authenticity. Though the conditions it describes are those of five years ago the author assures us in a postscript that things had changed little at Columbus State when he revisited the hospital in 1958.

Despite the great improvement in American mental hospitals, and a vast increase in expenditure, many of the revelations are frightening. Emphasis is still largely on custodial care and most wards are still locked. Medical treatment is determined as much by the convenience of the staff as by the interests of the patient. Many patients regard shock treatment (called ECT here, EST in America) as a form of punishment, as indeed it may be. English readers will ask if all this happens here. Mr Martin contrasts the American hospital with its English equivalent, 'a hospital that is a hospital', where patients are treated as human beings. This is perhaps the essential difference, and it is an important one. No less important is the long list of problems common to both countries. Hospitals that are ancient and unsuitable for modern therapy, too big but sadly overcrowded; a desperate shortage of psychiatrists and trained nurses which denies active treatment to many and almost precludes psychotherapy. Mr Martin's plea for more psychiatric training and more research only echoes what many have been saying here for years – with even more justification, for on these two fronts America has the edge on us. The chapter on research is, incidentally, one of the best in the book. A psychiatrist is quoted as defining psychiatry as 'that branch of medical science which treats of a disease in which the pathogenesis is obscure, the symptoms dubious, the diagnosis difficult, and the cure unknown'. Too pessimistic, perhaps, but uncomfortably near the truth. This is the case for research in a nutshell.

Soon after his first defeat for the presidency Adlai Stevenson told a British audience that his reception here suggested that there had been only one thing wrong with his campaign: it had been fought in the wrong country. Should readers of Mr Martin's excellent book feel disappointment at first that it is about the wrong country, they may be at once reassured. There are few pages which are not relevant to the situation here in Britain.

KENNETH ROBINSON

Homage to Tennyson

Critical Essays on the Poetry of Tennyson. Edited by JOHN KILLHAM. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Nobody finds it easy to discuss the limitations and defects of a great creative talent in such a way that the critical air stays sweet: unspoiled, I mean, by destroying, upstart condescension. And while it is true that more (and more rational) hostility has been aroused by the failure to achieve what nobody finds easy than by anything else, it is also probable that the present collection of essays will help towards reconciliation, suspending, as it does, its local severities in a medium of generous homage, of real and communicated care for Tennyson's poetry.

Credit goes first to Mr Killham for the discernment of his selecting and arranging. He makes G. M. Young introduce the historical question with a British Academy lecture which examines – while it awakens a Tennysonian thought of the scholar lost to us the other day – the poet's 'adjustment' to the times he lived in. Some of the best things in the book follow from here: Mr A. J. Carr's piece on Tennyson as a modern poet immediately, and most obviously, being the needed complement of Young's. Mr Eliot's essay on *In Memoriam* is also richer for this preface; his famous discussion of the poet's quasi-Christian melancholy ('his desire for immortality is never quite the desire for Eternal Life; his concern is for the loss of man rather than for the gain of God') acquires a new dimension after we have sat with Young among the simple-hearted thousands who bought each work as it came out, whose poet Tennyson was. We set out from here with Mr W. W. Robson, half to refine, half to refute, the popularly received distinction of lyric genius and court poet. Expanding his theme from the exhortation to effort in *Ulysses*, Mr Robson drives forward to this impressive conclusion:

> in concurring with the judgement that things like the lyrics in *Maud*, the lyrics in *The Princess*, are among his supreme achievements, we must recognise that without the earnestness, the sense of responsibility to the world outside the poet, they could not have been written; while at the same time their peculiar sadness seems tacitly to acknowledge the inability of their author to confront that world as a poet.

Sometimes the reader is left to bridge the gap between historical context and contemporary critical judgment for himself. Mr Carr draws attention to a Tennysonian strategy which he calls (following Professor W. D. Paden) 'the mask of age', a distancing device which 'both conceals and connotes anxiety'. Should we not admit, alongside the dramatic implications, a thought of emotional prudery? And when Tennyson grows indignant about 'the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor', the curious frustration of the poetic outcome is surely due to the way Victorian class works against a by no means feeble personal humanity. The poor are very like

rabbits. What about the poor of *The Ruined Cottage*?

And so this book is full of life and promise of more life. Three essays cluster round the lyric 'Tears, Idle Tears'. Mr Graham Hough's is good; Mr Cleanth Brooks's has bright moments, but its opening is ambiguity-criticism at its very worst. 'Are they *idle* tears? Or are they not rather the most meaningful of tears? Does not the very fact that they are "idle" (that is, tears occasioned by no immediate grief) become in itself a guarantee of the fact that they spring from a deeper, more universal cause?' Dry your idle eyes, Mr Brooks, and then you tell us.

JOHN JONES

Annals of the LSE

An Epic of Clare Market. By JANET BEVERIDGE. *Bell.* 15*s.*

This book covers the first 24 years of the life of the London School of Economics, from 1895, the year of its foundation, to 1919, the year when Sir William Beveridge became Director. Then came the 18 years of his Directorship, from 1919 to 1937, the Beveridge age in the School's history. He is writing the history of this period himself.

But this little book is a labour of love, written by Lady Beveridge in the last year of her life, when she was over 81. To her Lord Beveridge pays a personal tribute in the preface. She tells a fascinating story, embellished by some delightful letters, especially between Sidney Webb and Hewins. The latter was the first Director of the School from 1895 to 1903, when he went into politics as secretary of Joseph Chamberlain's Tariff Reform Committee. For a long while 'going into politics' was a habit among teachers at the School. Halford Mackinder, the second Director, became a Tory MP. Pember Reeves, the third Director, had already been a Minister in a Radical Government in New Zealand before he came home to London. And there were later cases. Nowadays the habit seems to have died out.

The founders of the LSE were the Webbs and Haldane, and its early years were much mixed up with the reform of London University in which Haldane was prominent and in which the LSE soon became a constituent college. This book brings out most clearly the amazing gifts of Sidney Webb, in the manipulation of persons, papers and procedures. He was a master of compromise and tolerance. He floated the School, at the start, on a combination of 'whisky money' from the London County Council, and a Fabian bequest. The 'whisky money' was the product of licences to sell 'intoxicating liquor'. By an Act of 1890 this was handed over by the Treasury to local authorities, who might spend it either on technical education or on relief of rates. Webb formed a Technical Education Board of the LCC, with himself as chairman, and guided their share of whisky money to the School. The bequest came under the will of Henry Hutchinson, an unknown Fabian who shot himself, but who had first made Webb his executor. It was given to advance the objects of the Fabian Society, and Haldane advised Webb that these would include the founding of the School.

Among those who tried to sabotage the School in its early years was James Ramsay MacDonald. He tried, by pulling strings on the LCC, to stop its whisky money. But he failed. He was always jealous of Webb, and Mrs Webb once told me that he wanted to be invited to lecture on economics at the School. But Webb turned him down. He didn't think Ramsay MacDonald made the academic grade. How right he was!

HUGH DALTON

Bonham - Cartery

In a Liberal Tradition. By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER. *Constable.* 30*s.*

'In brief', wrote de Tocqueville on his journey to England in 1835, 'I think that an enlightened man, of good sense and good will, would be a Radical in England. I have never met these qualities together in a French Radical'. The early Bonham-Carters described in this engaging 'social biography' scarcely rose to radicalism, but their enlightenment, good sense and good will led them into a gentle but compelling liberalism. Certainly the active presence of families of their kind, scattered through the provinces, has made the texture of modern English history very different from that of France. They did not belong to the aristocracy, even that section of the aristocracy which boasted of its 'popular feelings', but they exercised great local influence over long periods of time and have acquired aristocratic connections.

They rose defiantly through trade and dissent in provincial Portsmouth, but they easily and naturally acquired landed property and a hyphen. During the mid-Victorian years they consolidated their privilege and their power, and during the late-Victorian years they drifted into a mild Conservatism. Mark Bonham-Carter's spectacular victory at Torrington was in one sense a political throwback; the last time a Bonham-Carter had sat in the House of Commons was in the Parliament which met after the great Liberal election victory of 1868. Only Maurice Bonham-Carter, who married Violet Asquith, continued to serve the Liberal cause in the new social and political circumstances of the early twentieth century.

Continuous family history reveals many facets of the past which are touched on only briefly in biographies and are often omitted from more general works. The author of this book deliberately regards it as something more than an ordinary family history. He is not concerned to collect detail for its own sake or in a mood of *pietas*. His object is to draw upon Bonham-Carter family documents to illustrate what in some ways is the 'typical' and usually unexciting growth of a middle-class provincial Dissenting family. More than that, he is anxious to develop a theme – the pervasive influence of liberalism or, more exactly, liberal-mindedness. This liberal-mindedness had its origins in religion rather than politics and it later expressed itself as much in devotion to the idea of public service as in straight political action.

Mr Bonham-Carter succeeds in illuminating these two aspects of his family's history – the pattern of its growth and the tradition it perpetuated. He is not always so sure, however, about the national background and the relationship between the tradition he is describing and other traditions. Radicalism is misunderstood – Hume and Place are described as politicians who followed a policy of 'radical reform' that 'resembled socialism' – and working-class movements significantly have no place in the story even as a bogey. A. V. Dicey, who married a Bonham-Carter, helped to convert some of the family to Conservatism, but the conversion started with Home Rule and not with home politics. It is interesting that the first real injection of controversial ideas from outside hastened the near-extinction of political Liberalism in the family. The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to the author's father, who, despite the political shift, remained 'the epitome of Liberal character', rising to the height of

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a profession – the Army, which when he entered it was perhaps the least liberal of all. And the story, which began in Portsmouth, ends in Malta.

ASA BRIGGS

Selling Science

Frontiers In Science. Edited by EDWARD HUTCHINGS, JR. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

This book is good in parts, but its title and introduction are misleading. They suggest that the educated layman will find in it a description, suited to his understanding, of the main areas in which science is advancing. In fact it contains a number of not very closely related articles by eminent scientists, connected in some way with the California Institute of Technology, about a very arbitrary selection of researches. Because laymen are interested in astronomy, a lot of it is included here. This gives the quite wrong impression that it constitutes the major part of the current interests of physical scientists.

Naturally, in a collection of reprints, the standard of the individual articles varies considerably, as does the amount of scientific knowledge required of the reader. One of the best is that by Pauling and Corey on the structure of proteins, but it does, unlike most of the others, require an elementary knowledge of the structural formulae of organic chemistry. This should be part of the equipment of every educated man, but, probably because the theory reached maturity as recently as 1876, it is hardly taught in our schools. That the same is true for the United States is made clear in a later article by Pauling, who also wants much more science in schools. Some of the articles are ephemeral, such as that criticising, correctly enough, the 'chlorophyll-ploy' in advertising, and others are speculative.

In addition to the descriptive articles, the book also contains essays and speeches on the place of science in society, by authors including Fred Hoyle, Linus Pauling, and J. Robert Oppenheimer. Read in conjunction with the omissions from the account of the physical sciences, these give a revealing picture of the status of science in America.

The only direct reference to nuclear physics in the titles of the articles is in 'The genetic effects of high energy irradiation on human populations' by A. H. Sturtevant, the geneticist. But nuclear physics, and the physics of elementary particles, constitute one of the most interesting frontiers of science. The physics of the solid state, not treated in this volume, is another such frontier. Is it simply that no one at 'Caltech' is interested in these fields, or do scientists seeking public approval omit mention of nuclear physics because of the hostility it might arouse? And is it too far-fetched to suggest that the solid state is omitted because those concerned with this volume are unwilling to have the transistor considered as a typical scientific product because it is too technical, too 'materialistic'?

These questions are prompted by the almost missionary point of view from which some of the later articles are written. They are concerned to combat the view of science as purely technical, to emphasize the intellectual as well as the practical importance of its study. This is a reasonable enough aim, but the balance of the subject should not be distorted to make it more 'exciting'. The only remarkable thing about the aim is that it should still be necessary to write about science in such a 'defensive-offensive' way. There are countries where its importance is taken for granted.

T. L. COTTRELL

The Status Seekers
Vance Packard
An exploration of class behaviour in the United States by the author of *The Hidden Persuaders*
'A fascinating and important book' *The Sunday Times* 21*s*

The Other Face
Philip Caraman
'For those, like myself, with a taste for anthologies, Elizabethan prose, and Catholic thought, Father Philip Caraman's *The Other Face* will provide a deep well of surprises and unexpected pleasures' *Sir Alec Guinness*
Illustrated 30*s*

The Lighted Room
Jonathan Eales
A first novel of Office Life in which insight and a high sense of comedy are cunningly combined
'the best first novel I have read since the war.' *Edward Hyams* 15*s*

Just Like a Lady
Nina Bawden
A humorous novel of our own times
'an admirable book, shrewd, intelligent, amusing and unsolemnly serious' *Time and Tide* 16*s*

Longmans

Full Status

The Women at Oxford. By VERA BRITTAIN. *Harrap.* 21*s.*

This 'fragment of history' turns up just as we are in one of those periodic fits of public doubt as to whether women's higher education is worth while. A dismaying aspect of the present outburst of comment is that, in addition to the usual ill-informed men who on these occasions order us out of the lecture-room and into the kitchen, some university women themselves have been making gestures in that direction. One has gone so far as to suggest, in the *Guardian*, that many clever girls who intend to marry should, instead of going to the university, go to superior finishing schools in university towns, in the hope that some of the social and intellectual advantages of university life will brush off on them as they pursue a training for *Kuche* and *Kinder*. So here we are back at something like the Oxford Lectures for Ladies started by the young Fellows' wives of the 1870s, one of the movements out of which the women's colleges developed. But what a world of difference between a marginal existence in a university when that itself is an advance on nothing, and a marginal existence when that represents a retreat from a position gained!

Anything, then, which reminds us of the long, hard climb from these Ladies' Lectures to full membership of the university is to be welcomed; and Miss Brittain's book is written out of a passionate conviction that higher education is as good for women as for men, and that clever girls are better people for having their minds stretched. It brings other useful reminders: that Oxford University is a rootedly conservative institution; that rights once won may be whittled away (seven years after full membership, a statute was passed limiting the numbers of women, not repealed till 1957); and that there have always been Oxford men to fight the women's battles – Mark Pattison, T. H. Green, John Morley, Gilbert Murray, H. A. L. Fisher and, unexpectedly, Lord Curzon.

While appreciating the enthusiasm that fires Miss Brittain's narrative, I don't feel easy about her method or her tone, and wish that she had shown more of the objectivity that made Ray Strachey's *The Cause* such a valuable survey of the women's movement. Miss Brittain has aimed to give us both the general advance of women at Oxford and the detailed histories and distinctive characters of the five colleges. She takes in buildings, constitutions, discipline, schools results, distinctions, Principals, tutors, outstanding students and their later careers, all seasoned with anecdote and personal impressions. It is a breathless affair, and to get it all in, and relate it to the wider life of the university and the country, leads to some startling juxtapositions and jam-packed paragraphs – like the one on page 191 which begins with the Abdication and, by way of Coronation decorations and the founding of Nuffield, ends with the publication of Margery Perham's *Native Administration in Nigeria.* For this sort of packed writing the ability to hit off accurately is everything: phrases like 'Rose Macaulay, whose clever, ironic novels', and 'painted by William Coldstream in a modern style', don't carry much weight. There are too many snippets about distinguished graduates (not always happily phrased – 'Barbara Mary Ward, the possible owner of a lasting name'), and a number of relevant questions get very sketchy treatment. For some hard facts and figures about the social background of women students at different periods – *e.g.* their schools, and fathers' professions – I would willingly have traded Dorothy Sayers's shoulder-length earrings and her crush for Sir Hugh Allen of the Bach Choir. Details like these can be illuminating; too often here they seem merely trivial, as if everything about women were of equal importance to the theme.

Last October the women's colleges finally ceased to be 'societies' and gained full status: their Principals are now eligible for the Vice-Chancellorship. It seems high time to take it for granted that whether as undergraduates or dons, scholars or administrators, women at Oxford can do the job; high time to stop being starry-eyed because they are women.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,563 **Set by Captain Morgan**

Competitors are invited to compose a Calypso on events in the recent Test Match at Port of Spain. Entries by 16 February.

Result of No. 1,560 Set by Anne Hathaway

A lady is smarter than a gentleman maybe –
She can sew a fine seam or have a baby.
She can use her intuition instead of her brain,
But she can't fold a paper in a crowded train.

The usual prizes are offered for a similarly profound, accurate and brief set of observations on masculine behaviour.

Report

Men cannot – bear pain, find things, change babies' nappies, cope with Sales, darn or sew, mop up the bathroom floor, or retrieve a lost pyjama cord. These negative characteristics turned up again and again in the entries. Many competitors, too, concentrated on physical impossibilities (having babies) or current taboos (appearing in the nude in stage shows). Woman's disability in the verse set as a model was a thing apart from these.

Amusing entries came from Rose Naish, L. G. Udall, Stanley C. Gordon, Barbara Rapaport, Beryl Ash and Irene Gardener. Outstaying them on my short list were J'adoube, Mrs V. R. Ormerod, Sylvia Clayton. I suggest that the prize money be divided among the entries printed.

A man is the head of the household perhaps.
He is certainly good with time-tables and maps.
He can tell a long tale while an audience waits,
But to fix up a meal he will use all the knives,
forks, spoons, cups, saucers, saucepans, pudding basins, tea towels and plates.

CATHERINE BROOM-LYNNE

A man is more creative than the female of the species –
He can make a chain reaction and blow us all to pieces.
He can send a rocket round the moon and get ahead of sound,
But he can't feed the human family and make the loaf go round.

EUNICE HERFURTH

A gentleman is smarter for practical uses
Like clearing gutters and mending fuses,
Opening crates and looking over leases,
But he can't fold a tablecloth in ordained creases.

E. B. C. JONES

For one who through the Ages filled his head
With thoughts about his (or another's) bed,
'Tis strange that Man yet ever has displayed
Blank ignorance of how a bed is made.

FRANK PAVRY

Man stands up for Rectitude and Principle and Right
And Discipline and never giving in without a fight.
But when the constable arrives, he's lying on the floor
Beneath the bed, while Woman's sweetly lying at at the door.

TROOPER JONES

A man can teach a woman the meaning of economy;
Keeps 'phone calls brief; can burn the lunch and still maintain his bonhomie.
He mows the lawn; puts out the cat; can hump a heavy sandbag . . . .
But he can't get half what she can in a handbag.

STEPHEN SEDLEY

A man is stronger than a woman, perhaps:
He has a better head for drinks, hits hard in scraps:
He can listen sometimes while the other fellows rip;
But he daren't pay off a taximan without a tip.

ALLAN M. LAING

A man writes better operas and poetry and books;
The girls don't shine as painters or as playwrights or as cooks.
A man can keep his temper when a woman's in a huff,
But he can't pretend he loves you when in fact he's had enough.

JANET KERSLEY

City Lights

Living with Five Per Cent

Bank Rate moves, and a long string of short-term interest rates wobbles along behind it. The banks, of course, immediately put up their overdraft and deposit rates by the full one per cent. They will now earn one per cent more on their advances, some ¼ per cent more on their liquid assets, and a little more on their investments; since they pay interest on only one-third of their total deposits, their profits are likely to be even better in 1960 than they were in 1959. The Treasury bill rate rose a little more than expected but slipped back a little, to about 4½ per cent, when heavy competition for bills developed in the following week. The Treasury has announced increases in the rates charged for loans to local authorities; since the Exchequer has been lending all but nothing to local authorities for some time past, the increases are little more than a reminder of the price at which public works are financed nowadays and of the dangerously large short-term element in local authority debt. The tax reserve certificate rate, too, has gone up, partly through habit, partly because the certificates are competitive with Treasury bills; there is no sign yet of any change in National Savings rates, a change which would cause building societies to think very hard indeed.

The effect on HP interest rates will probably be to make the large finance houses abandon their faint attempts at price-cutting and stick to their association's recommended prices; competition in financing the hire purchase of cars has already led to a certain amount of trouble; the larger houses are now tending to concentrate more on household equipment, hoping that no over-ambitious upstart will topple under the weight of bad debts and bring the whole industry into disrepute. The equity market has lost its air of obstinate hilarity for the moment, mainly because of a fall on Wall Street and the possibility of a railway strike; the gilt-edged market quickly lost its enthusiasm over Bank rate when it was followed up by a new issue of short-dated stock – the purpose of which can be seen in the fact that its size matches almost exactly the amount of cash to be paid out on maturing issues during February and March.

The January gold figures do little to explain why Bank rate was raised. The reserve fell by £6m, excluding special payments, against £18m in each of the two preceding months, but January is usually a good month in which some improvement might be expected. There was clearly a modest inflow of hot money in the last few days of the month after Bank rate was raised, but the main effect hoped for – on the leads and lags in commercial payments caused by a difference in interest rates at home and abroad – has yet to show itself.

* * *

Bank rates come and go, bids go on for ever. Mr Sandys has now tidied up all but a few loose ends in the aircraft industry with Westland's bid for Fairey's helicopter interests. Watney is holding merger discussions with Phipps, the Northampton brewers; if they are successful, the new group will be slightly larger than Ind Coope, at present the largest in the industry. Fisons, having withdrawn its

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Closing date for entries, 2nd March, 1960.

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£11m bid for Crosse & Blackwell a fortnight ago, is bidding £7½ for British Drug Houses, a large pharmaceutical manufacturer; when the much-delayed report of the Monopolies Commission into the fertiliser industry is published, it may be easier to see why Fisons is anxious to expand its other interests so quickly. Albright & Wilson is bidding for Boake Roberts, a smaller chemical group whose interests overlap its own at some points; and Courtaulds, through British Cellophane, has taken over another couple of small packaging firms. Two discount houses are merging to make the third largest unit in the market: a new recruit was admitted into the magic circle a short time ago, so the number remains 12. Metal Industries has beaten Electric & Musical Industries in the fight for Lancashire Dynamo. There was little to choose between the two bids except the Lancashire Dynamo board's passionate support for EMI, but Metal Industries boldly sallied into the market and bought enough shares even before the acceptances began rolling in to give it a long lead. The directors of EMI, announcing the withdrawal of their bid, frigidly refused to compete in these buccaneering methods.

★ ★ ★

The Stock Exchange, helped along by the boom and a new chairman, is rapidly acquiring a new look. Another couple of features have been altered this week. In the first place, members are now to be allowed to issue bid circulars – a privilege which the law already allows but which the Council has denied them for fear they should interfere with one another's clients. They will now be able to enter a field which until now has been divided between the large merchant banks and small finance houses. In the second place, banks are now to be allowed to advertise the fact that they undertake Stock Exchange business, provided that the notice is visible only from inside the bank. The ban on advertising which applies to Stock Exchange members has applied to banks until now because they operate on a commission-sharing basis; the banks objected, their objection was upheld, and it is to be assumed that they will make good use of their new freedom. Although the ban on advertising by stockbrokers remains in force, it is unlikely to persist indefinitely.

Company News

General Electric is maintaining its interim dividend at the reduced level and hinting vaguely that profits have improved: the market feels that something more informative would have been more welcome. The *Peachey* group has made up for the delay in issuing group accounts with a large and glossy brochure, stuffed with information about its properties, policies and prospects: there is also a plain hint that arrangements are on the way for refunding its short-term mortgages. *Ashdown* investment trust, anxious to broaden the market, has persuaded the insurance companies and pension funds to forego some of the shares to which they are entitled under a scrip issue and is offering these to the general public. *Leyland's* decision to increase its dividend suggested that the outlook for commercial vehicles had improved, and the chairman confirms that capacity is now fully occupied.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 534 Giant of the Past

Meeting some young players at Hastings I was surprised to hear that a piece I did the other day about Carl Schlechter was just about the first thing they learned about that great master; they certainly hadn't known how near (almost exactly fifty years ago) Schlechter came to wresting the title from Lasker. Perhaps such ignorance is not so surprising when considering the abundance of contemporary grandmasters, but still we owe those giants of the past a great debt of gratitude, and still we can learn a good deal from them. Take Geza Maroczy who would be 90 these days; he died only eight or nine years ago, but he was almost forgotten. Practically all his great successes were achieved before the first war, the only exception being his splendid share of 1st to 3rd (with Alekhine and Bogoljubov) at Carlsbad 1923. He "graduated" at the first Hastings tournament of 1895, winning the "Reserves" and thereby gaining an invitation to the great Nuremburg Tournament of 1896. He was, of course, considered a crass outsider and caused a sensation by coming 2nd behind Lasker and ahead of Pillsbury, Steinitz, Tarrasch, Tchigorin and other celebrities. At London 1899 again there was only Lasker ahead of him, and young Maroczy shared 2nd to 4th with Pillsbury and Janowski, ahead of Schlechter, Blackburne, Tchigorin etc. In 1900 he got a most creditable 3rd at Paris as well as at Munich, but at Monte Carlo 1902 Maroczy came 1st, ahead of Pillsbury and Janowski. Next year at Monte he was only 2nd, but at Ostend 1905 he was 1st again, ahead of Tarrasch and Janowski, and the same year at Barmen he shared 1st and 2nd with Janowski, ahead of Marshall. Then, after a good 2nd at Ostend 1906 and a 3rd at Vienna 1907, he shared 1st to 3rd with Schlechter and Duras at Vienna 1908, ahead of Rubinstein, Spielmann, Tartakower etc. He could stand like a rock and again play very dashing chess such as in this correspondence game won in 1897/8.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; (3) PxP B-Q3; (4) Kt-B3, Kt-KB3; (5) B-Kt5 ch, P-B3; (6) B-R4 P-K5; (7) PxP, O-O; (8) Kt-Q4, PxP; (9) KtxBP, Q-Kt3; (10) KtxKt, RxKt; (11) B-Kt5, R-Q1!; (12) O-O, BxP ch!; (13) KxB, Kt-Kt5 ch; (14) K-Kt3 (best), Q-B2 ch; (15) P-B4 ch, PxP e.p. ch; (16) KxP, R-Q5!; (17) P-Q3, B-Kt2 ch; (18) Kt-K4, BxKt ch; (19) KxKt, Q-R7!; (20) PxB, QxP ch; (21) K-R4, RxB!; (22) QxR.

And now Maroczy forced mate very neatly, which might as well serve as A, the 4-pointer for beginners. Now here's a celebrated endgame in which (Black against Marco at Vienna 1899) Maroczy cracked the *zugzwang* whip most convincingly. /8/4k3/p1p2pp1/1p1p2p1/1PktP2P1/P1P1ktP2/5KP1/1Kt2Kt3/.

(1) . . . K-Q3! (2) K-K2, K-B2; (3) K-B2, K-Kt3; (4) K-K2, P-R4; (5) K-B2, P-R5; (6) K-K2, K-B2; (7) K-B2, K-Q3. Kt-Q3 is, of course, ruled out by . . . Kt-B7.

(8) K-K2, K-K2; (9) K-B2, K-B2; (10) K-K2, K-Kt2; (11) K-B2, K-R2; (12) P-Kt3, K-R3; (13) K-K2, P-KB4; (14) PxP, PxP; (15) K-B2, K-R4; (16) K-K2, P-B5; (17) PxP, PxP; (18) K-B2, K-Kt4; (19) K-K2, K-R5; (20) K-B2, K-R6!; (21) Kt-Q3 (best), Kt-B7; (22) KtxP ch, K-R5; (23) Kt-Q3 (best), Kt(7)xRP; (24) KtxKt, KtxKt; (25) Kt-B1, Kt-Kt8; (26) Kt-R2, Kt-R6; (27) K-K3, K-Kt6; (28) P-KB4, K-Kt5! Zugzwang again!

(29) P-B5, KxP; (30) K-Q3, K-B5; (31) Kt-B1, K-B6; (32) K-B2, Kt-R6 ch; (33) K-Q3, K-B7; (34) K-Q2, Kt-B5 ch; (35) K-Q1, K-K6; (36) K-B2, P-R6!; (37) Kt-R2, Kt-Kt7; (38) Kt-B1, Kt-Q6!; (39) Kt-Kt3(best), Kt-K8 ch; (40) K-Q1, K-Q6!; (41) KxKt, KxP; (42) Kt-R1, KxQP!

. . . K-Kt7?? refuted by (43) K-Q2!, KxKt; (44) K-B1 and draws.

(43) Kt-B2 ch, K-B6!

So as to counter KtxP by . . . K-Kt7!

(44) K-Q1, P-R7; (45) K-B1, P-Q5; (46) Kt-R1, P-Q6; (47) Kt-B2! A "try-on" worthy of Marco's wit, but after . . . P-B4! he duly resigned.

For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** & **C** are both wins, both pretty and neither as easy as it looks.

B: Henrie Rinck: /8/2K5/8/1k2Kt3/4Ktq2/16/7R/.
C: O. Duras: /b7/2k5/P5P1/16/b2B1p1K/7P/8/.
Usual prizes. Entries by 15 February.

REPORT ON NO. 531. Set 16 January.

A: (17) R(1)-KB1!, PxB; (18) RxKtP ch, KxR; (19) R-B7 ch, etc.

B: (1) R-KKt6, Kt-K1; (2) K-B5, Kt-Kt2 ch; (3) K-B6!, KtxP ch; (4) K-B7, Kt-B5; (5) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (6) R-Kt4, Kt-R6(best); (7) K-Kt6, K-Kt6, K-Kt1; (8) KxP ch, etc.

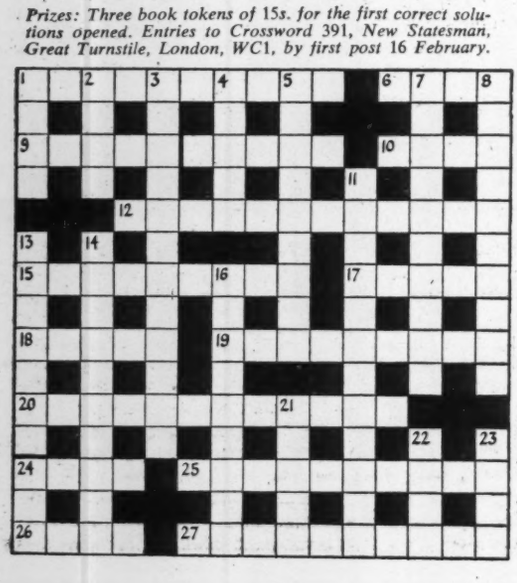
C: (1) . . . K-B5!; (2) B-Q4(best), K-B6!; (3) P-Kt5, K-K7!; (4) B-K5, K-Q6; (5) K-B6, K-B5!, etc.

In **A** I gave full marks for Q-B5, followed by Q-R5 and R-KB1, even though it isn't quite as neatly forceful as the actual sequel. Many stumped by **B** and/or **C**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword 391

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 391, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 16 February.



ACROSS

1. Seats which have kept canvassers busy (10).
6. The biblical character makes a joke (4).
9. The railways have strong drink (5, 5).
10. Girl who possesses almost the whole country (4).
12. They are concerned with the rudiments of knowledge as a brain ceased developing (12).
15. It is delicious so give a friend a place to eat (9).
17. Farm implement for common holding (5).
18. Sober circle following a party game (5).
19. Toy which makes Nelson live in the common sailor (9).
20. Means of locomotion for a fish in the waves (12).
24. 'Just are the —— of God' (Milton) (4).
25. I walked back with the bowler to deal a mortal blow (10).
26. Literary man who is the reverse of dull (4).
27. The impudent fellow puts a monkey among the cards (10).

DOWN

1. Fish for experts (4).
2. Seal caught on the hop (4).
3. Kind of chair used for punishment? (12).
4. Wild without father is the caper (5).
5. 17th Century character with a bit of a fight on top (9).
7. Drink father mixes in places where drink is sold (10).
8. For the crops to live this plant would have to do without a pull up (10).
11. Nearby priest converted into a nonconformist (12).
13. Trap for the fly (7, 3).
14. The railway worker would be unpunctual if the sportsman were missing (10).
16. Woman who is a bachelor girl from a West country town? (9).
21. Unfortunately there is a shortage (5).
22. Stunt of a headless wanderer (4).
23. Catches a gun up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 389

R	E	C	L	A	I	M	■	S	C	R	A	P	E	S
E	■	O	■	P	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	H
F	O	R	E	I	G	N	E	R	■	D	I	R	G	E
U	■	F	■	S	■	G	■	I	■	T	■	B	■	■
S	O	U	T	H	P	O	R	T	■	A	R	O	M	A
E	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	T	■	F	■	N	■	■
S	W	A	R	M	E	D	■	S	M	O	K	I	N	G
■	U	■	A	■	■	R	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	■
H	O	S	A	N	N	A	■	C	A	S	S	O	C	K
O	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	U	■	■	■	E	■	■
B	A	R	R	A	■	N	U	R	S	L	I	N	G	S
B	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	E	■	I	■	T
L	I	L	L	E	■	S	T	A	V	A	N	G	E	R
E	■	I	■	R	■	T	■	I	■	S	■	E	■	E
S	N	A	G	S	B	Y	■	L	A	T	E	R	A	L

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 389

Mrs Weiss (Henley)
A. G. Mann (Birmingham)
Miss D. Hargraves (Bolton)

PERSONAL

ISRAELI family in Tel Aviv requires mother's help. 2 children. Live as family. 1 March for 1 year minimum. Fare pd. Interview Lon. Mrs Savitt, CUN 3747.

RETIRED lecturer (f.), French lit., French-born, seeks another, share own quiet, modern flat near Cannes 3 or 4 months. Explore Provence & Alps in Dauphine - able drive - real companion, cheerful & interested. Write Box 2068.

LET us turn your old gold into 'brass' to help World Refugee Year (£10,000 already raised from old spectacle frames, broken jewellery, watches, pens, dentures, etc.). Any saleable articles from cameras to candlesticks equally welcome. Send to: 'Gift Aid', Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad St, Oxford.

ELDERLY lady offers rent-free room in Chiswick in return for a little friendly help to enable son to secure some leisure: most domestic chores already dealt with. Write Box 1607.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

GERMAN child, age 11, wants to spend 3/4 wks in English family from end July 1960, either as p.g. or as exch. to learn Eng. Any offers please write Box 2009.

OXFORD undergraduate elect seeks post abroad anytime six months from mid-April. Literary/linguistic interest preferred. Anything considered. Write Box 1833.

WOMAN artist, out all week, will assist domestically mornings, evenings, w.e. in exchange nice rm and brkfst. Central London. Impeccable refs. Box 1811.

BACH. sks domes. sit., child. accept. Driver. Live in/out. Box 1800.

STUDENTS from abroad seek accommodation with British families as paying guests. Pilgrims Student Holiday Service, Newhaven, Cranston Rd, East Grinstead, Sussex.

WANTED by young couple with fully equipped vehicle - two others to share the hazards & expenses of land journey to East Africa. As soon as possible. Box 1915.

WHITE Kashmir work gown nearly 100 years old, for sale. Box 1943.

INDIAN student going Germany in July wants to stay with educated German family in London Feb./July; can afford moderate charges. Box 1942.

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ANTIBES Old Town: flat to let, sleep 4. Box 1775.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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Let us take you back to FRANCE, which may be you have forsaken in recent years. You really ought to see our latest French holiday book. Send for it anyway - it will give you many pleasant armchair journeys and, let us hope, rekindle your desire to be there once again.

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'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W1. (REGent 8866).

ISRAEL. The Fisher School of Languages has a few vacancies for a flight in a four-engined, 65 seater aircraft, leaving London 10 March, returning 4 April. Fare £58 return. Contact immediately Henry Fischer, BA, 3 Ladbroke Gardens, London, W11. Phone (morns. only) PARk 9780.

BARGAIN Holidays for the under 30's. USSR Tours from £55 and cheap camping facilities. Other attractive offers in Austria and Eastern Europe from £28. Apply with s.a.e. to BYFC Tours, 351 Goswell Road, London, EC1.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

STAY on charming Belgian Coast at the Hotel Bristol, Coq-sur-Mer, Ostend 5 miles. Ideal for family holidays. Excellent cuisine.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet. 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson) LAN. 3101.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaurant, White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GLASGOW
THE UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Education; the person appointed will have teaching and organising duties in the West of Scotland. Salary scale £900-£1,650; initial salary according to experience and qualifications; FSSU and family allowance benefits.

Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the University Court, The University, Glasgow, W2 to whom applications should be returned by 22 February.

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

With the continued expansion of Education and Training within the Pressed Steel organisation, the Company now wishes to appoint a:

LECTURER IN MANAGEMENT STUDIES

who will initially assist the Group Training Manager in the running of the Company's Executive Development Course and therefore a sound knowledge of management subjects together with lecturing experience is essential. Applicants should also possess engineering qualifications and some experience in a large industrial concern is desirable. Preferred age range 30-35. Location, Head Office at Cowley, Oxford. Salary will be commensurate with experience and the post offers considerable opportunity for promotion. Conditions of employment accord with best industrial practice.

Applications with full curriculum vitae including details of salaries earned may be made in strict confidence to the Staff Officer, Pressed Steel Company Limited, Cowley, Oxford.

CARDIGANSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S OFFICER

Applications are invited from Men or Women for the post of Children's Officer. Applicants must be Welsh speaking, and have experience of social work with children.

They must also hold a Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a Diploma in Social Science.

The Salary will be in accordance with Grade APT II — £765 p.a. × £25 (1) × £30 (3) — £880 p.a., the commencing salary will be according to qualifications and experience.

An essential user's car allowance will be payable.

Application forms can be obtained from the undersigned, and must be returned not later than 12 noon on Monday, 15 February, 1960.

J. E. R. Carson, Clerk of the County Council, County Offices, Marine Terrace, Aberystwyth.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF DURHAM
FURTHER EDUCATION - STAFF VACANCY

Lambton Castle Residential College for Adult Education

Residential Domestic Superintendent. Salary £590 by 3 increments of £20 to £650, less £167 emoluments.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 12 February, 1960) from undersigned.

G. H. METCALFE,
Director of Education.
Shire Hall, Durham.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the Family Welfare Association of Manchester and Salford invite applications for the appointment to the post of Tutor-Caseworker. The salary will be £800 per annum, with membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 20 February, 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

FABIAN Society, The Executive Committee intends shortly to appoint a new General Secretary. Full particulars and application forms from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September 1960. Qualified secondary teachers in particular are required.

Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification, applicants must hold also a recognized University degree or equivalent. Those interested should write immediately to Mr B M. Hoffmeister, Agent General, British Columbia House, 1 Regent St, London, SW1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

NEW TOWN CHALLENGE

THE STEVENAGE YOUTH TRUST

has an IMPORTANT JOB for a

YOUNG MAN

who believes in the youth of today.

It offers unlimited scope in return for exceptional ability and an interest amounting almost to dedication.

Working with the Youth Trust he will plan, promote and implement schemes to meet the special needs of a rapidly increasing number of local teenagers.

Initially the engagement will be for a period of five years. A generous salary plus expenses and a car allowance will be paid. Assistance with housing may also be given.

Applications, containing full but concise details of personal background and experience, to the Honorary Secretary, The Stevenage Youth Trust, Aston House, Stevenage, Herts, before 29 February, 1960.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM HOUSING MANAGEMENT DEPARTMENT
ASSISTANT MATRON

required for Ruskin House Residential Hostel, St Mary's Row, Birmingham, accommodatipn up to 80 women. Salary £300 per annum plus quarters and full board. Pensionable. Medical Examination. Applications in writing, giving details of experience, etc., to:

J. P. MACEY,
Housing Manager,
Bush House, Broad Street, Birmingham, 1.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Lectureships/Assistant Lectureships in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. Candidates should have at least a good honours degree in English. Salary scales: Lecturers - £1,148 x £49 - £1,442/£1,540 x £56 - £1,820; Assistant Lecturers - £1,001 x £49 - £1,099, plus allowances. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Malaya and London, on 29 Feb., 1960.

BBC requires News Assistant in Manchester to assist in the varied work of the Regional News Room as member of team responsible for Sound and Television News output for North Region and for maintaining a service to BBC's national News programmes. Essential qualifications: basic experience in newspaper or broadcasting journalism; inquiring mind and alert news sense; keen interest in development of broadcast News techniques. Knowledge of North of England desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.48. N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

A LECTURER-demonstrator is required immediately to give a course of 22 lectures covering the Ordinary level Physics syllabus for July, 1960, to a small group of public schoolboys. Applicants should have a good honours degree in Physics and should be thorough and enthusiastic. The position could be permanent. Apply: the Secretary, B. and W. Tutors, 2 Sandrock Road, Tunbridge Wells.

PART-time leader required for Jewish girls' club in Hackney four evenings a week. Salary £900 p.a. Apply Jill Harris, 39 Oakwood Court, W14.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNITED Kingdom Information Officers required by the Colonial Office. The Colonial Office has vacancies (including two in East Africa) for Senior Information Officers to serve overseas in United Kingdom Information Offices whose main function is to ensure effective local presentation of information about United Kingdom policy and affairs. In these posts, the Senior Information Officer is responsible for a wide range of information activities, including press services. Candidates should have suitably varied experience in press and public relations work, and an interest in Colonial Affairs. Salary £1,395 rising by increments to £1,660 (inclusive of London weighting). Foreign Service Allowance would be paid at the rate of £375 p.a. for a single officer renting his accommodation, £875 p.a. for a married officer accompanied by his wife or £775 p.a. for a married officer not accompanied by his wife, in either case also paying rent for accommodation. An excess rent allowance would be payable in certain circumstances to a married accompanied officer. Free passage would be provided for selected candidates and their families subject to certain conditions. The appointments are temporary and non-pensionable and would be for 3 years in the first instance, with consequential leave. Write giving date of birth, education and full details of experience, including dates of posts held, to the Manager (PE.130), Ministry of Labour, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Closing date 19 February, 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Dept. (1) Reqd. initially at the new Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, Kingsbury, NW9: - (a) Full-time Educational Psychologist. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent, recognised clinical training and teaching experience essential. Duties include general advisory work in schools and work in the Centre. Salary Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560 (male); £1,252-£1,505 (female). Canvassing disqualifies. (b) Part-time Psychotherapist for 5 three hr sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training and/or equivalent experience in Child Therapy essential. Fee £2 15s. 6d. p. sess. Posts (a) & (b): - Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 25 Feb. (c) Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale £610-£845 plus London Weighting up to £30 p.a. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 65 Forty Avenue, Wembley, returnable by 25 Feb. Welfare Dept. (2) Part-time Organiser reqd to take charge of Work Centre for severely disabled persons in Willesden (Monday to Friday mornings), 27 hrs p.wk. Commencing salary approx. £484 p.a. (APT I). Further particulars apply to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth St, SW1, by 13 Feb. All posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote A.925NS).

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applications are invited for temporary appointment in Department concerned with research, public relations and community development. University Degree, preferably in one of the Social Sciences, and ability to handle elementary statistics, an advantage. Salary within scale £610-£765 per annum (APT I), according to experience, for those with Degree or appropriate Diploma of British University, or on lower grade for suitable applicant without these qualifications. Conditions of service similar to those in Local Government. Housing accommodation may be available. Applications, endorsed 'Vacancy No. 183' giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names of two business referees, to reach General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, by 12 February.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service - District Youth Officer. Applications are invited from qualified men or women for the post of District Youth Officer for the Kingston-upon-Thames District Youth Committee area. A recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training, with administrative and suitable practical experience is essential. Salary: Men, £770 × £27 10s. - £1,070. Women, £720 × £22 - £980 (plus equal pay increments). Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 19 Feb.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Wimbledon - The Emu Youth Club. Applications are invited from qualified men and women for the post of full-time Club Leader of the above Open Mixed Youth Club. The Club meets in its own premises and caters for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. Salary: for teachers and those with qualifications approved by the Committee in accordance with the appropriate Burnham Scale: Men: £520 × £27 10s. - £1,000. Women: £468 × £22 - £800 (plus equal pay increments) Plus London Allowance. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 19 February.

CORSHAM Community Centre, Corsham, Wilts, wants an experienced male Secretary/Warden. Starting salary £625/£650. No house. Good conditions and plenty of work for the right man. Particulars from Secretary and applications by 19 February.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Family Planning Association has vacancy for Branch Organisation Secretary. Knowledge of social service and administrative experience. Scale: £700 x £35-£900 p.a. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. For further information and application form apply to: Administrative Secretary, FPA, 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

FAMILY Caseworker required. Social Science certificate or relevant qualification desirable, experience essential. Salary revised AGFCW scale. Application giving full details and names of two referees to Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

WARDEN and Housemother wanted in April for Frances Mary Buss House, Bow. Residential post suitable for married couple. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Apply with full particulars and references to Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Mdx.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by The Bernhard Baron St George's Jewish Settlement to supervise the Girls' Clubs, undertake neighbourhood work and direct staff. Salary £600 a year. Free Board and Residence. Applications to the Wardens of the Settlement, Berner St, E1.

HEMEL Hempstead, Hi Fi Youth Club. Assistant Leader (young man) required to assist with continuing development of this Club, which has been open for twelve months, catering for mixed teenage population of this New Town. Interesting experimental work; good prospects. Starting salary in the range £500 to £600 p.a. Details and application form from: The Secretary to the Management Committee, Hi Fi Club, 44 Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead.

A WORTHWHILE holiday. Why not spend part of your summer vac leading a group of young people on a week's walking or cycling tour Youth Hostelling in this country. If you have humour and an understanding of the needs of young teenagers and are really interested in this satisfying job, apply in writing to Home Tours Department N/S, Youth Hostels Association, St. Albans, Herts.

PART-time or Full-time teacher English for Foreigners wanted West End School. Experience of Beginners and knowledge of foreign languages an advantage. Write Box 1925.

LADY graduate wanted, not under 24, in office of postal college in London. Marking students' papers and also some office duties. Shorthand typing an advantage, but not essential. Occasional travel in England; car driver preferred. State age, education, experience. Start at £13 10s. Box 2116.

ROYAL Anthropological Institute. Applications are invited for the post of Cataloguer (part-time). Bibliographical experience and knowledge of languages essential. Applications giving details and the names of two referees should be marked Personal and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, 21 Bedford Square, WC1.

ASSISTANT Editorship, Architects' Journal offers exceptional opportunity for initiative to a man deeply interested in architecture and planning and able to contribute to editorial policy of a traditionally independent and outspoken journal. Apply Executive Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

EDITORIAL assistant for department of leading publishers. Mainly secretarial but some subbing, writing advertising copy, etc. Initiative more desirable than impeccable shorthand or experience. No age limit. No Saturdays. Box 3006.

AN OPENING occurs for young man to train for responsible position on the administrative staff of firm of book printers in SE England. Previous experience in printing an advantage but not essential. Box 1863.

JUNIOR research assistant wanted in London academic research organisation. British background and university degree, and thorough knowledge of Russian essential. Box 1948.

INTELLIGENT Secretary required by considerate Chairman of group of companies. This is an opportunity which will appeal to a career girl with a wide variety of interest, who is meticulous, conscientious & keen. Considerable scope exists & advantage will be taken of ability to work on own initiative. The group is fast growing, flexible & versatile & has world-wide connections, thus a knowledge of extra languages would be useful - although not essential. A tactful personality, sense of humour & about 5 years' experience in similar position would qualify. Location W1 (Baker St). Interviews arranged at times most convenient to applicants. Will you indicate your present salary, hours of work, ties, present duties, speeds & when available to the Chairman, Box 2014.

THE Head Office of a trade union representing professional workers in one of the nationalised industries requires immediately a Shorthand-Typist and a Copy Typist. Applicants must be experienced and capable of working on own initiative. Hours 9 to 5 - no Saturdays. Contributory Staff Pension Fund. Salaries within range £315 to £545 according to age and ability with opportunity of reaching the present maximum of £630. Apply: Chief Clerk, EPEA, 102 St George's Square, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SUMMERHILL requires woman teacher, juniors, April term. Boarding. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

VALUABLE Careers: Creative Leisure. Hillcroft offers women over twenty a year's residential course in liberal, social and cultural subjects for personal development or as foundation for training for teaching, social work, &c. Recog. by Ministry of Education. Grants avail. Consult: Sec. (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Sy.

PRODUCTION Assistant with progressive ideas on typography and weekly technical journalism required for layout and production of the Architects' Journal. Apply Executive Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires Personal Secretary with good shorthand-typing speeds. 9-5.30. 5 day week. Pension Scheme. Luncheon Vouchers. Write particulars of age, experience and present salary. Staff Secretary, 224 Gt Portland St, W1. EUS. 5251.

SECRETARY-Assistant (girl) for new & antiquarian Bookshop, SW London. Typing essen. £9 for 5½ day wk. Box 2113.

ACCOUNTS Assistant, experienced lady, progressive post, varied work. PAYE, typing. Shorthand an advantage. Pension scheme, pleasant offices. National Society London. Box 2141.

CAPABLE young shorthand-typist required for secretarial and general office duties in Penguin Books London office. 9.30-5.30, no Sats, luncheon vouchers. Ring HUNter 1567.

SHORTHAND-Typist. Commencing wage £7 10s. at 18 to £10 10s. at 24 or over, thence annual increments to £13. Three weeks' holiday. Superannuation scheme. Write National Union of Journalists, 22 Great Windmill St, W1.

SECRETARY, sh./typing, general office work. Socialist Medical Assocn, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8. Apply writing.

INTERESTING post in international organisation awaits really first-class secretary shorthand-typist, preferably over 25 and with knowledge languages. Please state education, experience, etc. Box 3022.

SEC/P.A., 22-28, with gd sh./typing, expd Personnel and Committee work, for confidential post. £650 & l.v.'s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PERSONAL Assistant with shorthand/typing required 21 hours weekly. Chelsea. Interested in organisation of education or social work. £7 4s. Box 2030.

SEC., 17/27, reqd by young Freudian psychotherapist. Write, giving full partics: R. K. Brian, 19 Wigmore St, W1.

PUBLISHER requires assistant with secretarial experience and interest in books. Small office, all-round experience. Box 2062.

COMPANION-help in luxury flat, board & small salary, mornings free. German language essential. Box 1913.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1. (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

OPERATION Opus. Secretaries and other ranks strategically deployed. Target area: The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

COLD? Tired? Come and take a dish of tea with me - I might even find you a job. Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT sec./sh.-typist paid £13 for useless work in stockbrokers' wishes earn as much/pref. more in useful, interesting employment. Box 1953.

BSc. (Econ.) reqs clerical work of any kind evenings only. Box 1386.

LADY desires position of a literary nature preferably with publishers. Well-educated. Can type. Some knowledge of languages. Excellent references. Please write to Box 2059.

MALE, 24, seeks varied interesting work, anything considered. Box 2025.

LITERARY or bibliographical work required by intelligent young woman. Almost anything considered. Box 2015.

FELLOWSHIPS

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology

Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the USA, may be up to £2,000 (subject to income tax).

Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO/W4/14), The County Hall, SE1 (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for return by 12 March 1960. (79).

STUDENTSHIPS & GRANTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS

Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships for full-time research or advanced study:—

In any subject
(a) POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year);
(b) WILLIAM LINCOLN SHELLEY STUDENTSHIP (£350 p.a., plus tuition fees, for one or two years);
(c) WILLIAM GILLES RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP IN THE FACULTY OF SCIENCE (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year);
(d) POSTGRADUATE TRAVELLING STUDENTSHIPS (value according to need—for one year);

In Physics:
(e) GEORGE WILLIAM BRITT (JUNIOR) STUDENTSHIP (£100 for one year);

For Literary Studies:
(f) FRIDA MOND STUDENTSHIP (£130 p.a. for two years).

Applicants for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28; and for (f) they must be Internal Arts graduates, preferably of not more than two years' standing.

Further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarship Committee, Senate House, London, WC1, to whom applications must be returned by 1 March, 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The Studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHICH? is published by the Consumers' Association and reports factually and frankly each month on goods and services. Annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

LABOUR Monthly. Disarmament and Peace, R. Palme Dutt; 'Crisis of Socialism'? J. Berlioz (France); Central Africa: Prison House, R. Page Arnot. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'NARK yeh rabbit, shove on yeh titfa, git deahn ne apples an' rahn' na Johnnie fer some pigs.' What does this cockney mean?

WHAT are the facts about homosexuality? Should the law be changed? Decide for yourself after reading 'Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality', obtainable from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1. Price 1s., pge 4½d.

GERMAN Lending Library. German Institute, 51 Princes Gate, SW7, KEN. 3648. German books on literature, art, music, history, economics, and science, as well as a limited number of English books on Germany. Opening hours: Mon.-Fri. 4-9 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Books can also be borrowed direct from Germany through the Interlending Service.

WE Buy Paperbacks. Penguin, Pelican, Pan, Fontana & all similar series wtd. Any quantity. V. clean, sound condition essential. Cash per return for parcels or send lists. Bognor Books, Manor Place, Bognor Regis, Sx. Bognor 3375.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

S/H books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys and girls 7-18 years. HAM. 2019 until 23 Feb.

A HIGHGATE Montessori Kindergarten. Approved MOH. 2½-5 yrs. Open all year. MOU. 0956.

SUMMERHILL School has a few vacancies. Self-government. Freedom but not licence. GCE. Co-ed. of course. Very moderate fees. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. 'Phone 40.

LECTURE COURSES etc—cont fm p.204

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes, private lessons. Beginners to Advanced, all with French teachers. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (opposite Garrick Theatre). TRAfalgar 2044.

RUSSIAN, individual tuition, reading, conversation, translations, interpreting. Moderate terms. Phone ACOrn 2358.

HOLIDAYS. Prepare for them with French, German, Italian, Spanish classes. Small groups. Lunch-time & evening classes. The Travellers' School of Languages, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees/Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees, Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Eve. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

SHORTHND/Typg priv tuit, Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT 3324.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

RUSSIAN lessons with expd teacher London. Tel. SLO. 9313 before 11 a.m.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

HOLIDAY Course, Beatrice Webb House, Surrey. 25 June-2 July, 1960. £5 inclusive. Three Courses: British Social Evolution; The British Film; Music of Britain. Lecturers: Mr B. Edwards, MP, Mr J. Stonehouse, MP, Mr T. Russell, Mr J. Huntley. Guest Speakers: Mr Murray Melvin, Mr Francis Williams. Apply to LCS Education Department (RHP), 13 Soho Square, W1.

SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art, April, July, August. One eve. course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. and £6 6s. Syllabus from Registrar: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Park, Middx.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept. 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD. Newly dec., twin divans, built-in kit'ette, El., hot water, gas ckg, elec. fire. Completely eqppd, phone, use gdn. Colour unimportant. 55s. p.w. HOL. 6237, not Fri.

PLEASANT b/s. in prof. household. W. Hampstead area. 3 gns. KILburn 1135.

WELL furn. lge b/s. gd ckg facs. Sociable cple, quiet hse. Mod. rent. LAD. 3031.

BROMPTON. One of three men leaving top floor flat, March. Small bed-sit., share kit. & bath. 2 gns. Box 2047.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. 2 single rms; 50s., £3. HAM. 8109 aft 4 or wkend.

NW2. C.h., c.h.w., linen, china, light ckg. Light spacious sgle divan rm for bus. girl. Transport gd. 3 gns. WIL. 6025.

DOUBLE bed-sit., h. & c., ckg facs. Overlkg grdn. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

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HAMPSTEAD, nr tube. Charming small b/s. 3 gns. p.w. incl. service. PRI. 0488.

TWO gentlemen sk 3rd to share flat SW9 area. Own large room. Box 1847.

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CONTEMPORARY bed-sit. for married couple. Full ckg. basin, etc. Dollis Hill, close trnspt. GLA. 3648 (evgs/w.e.).

HAMPSTEAD Heath, 1 March short let, 2 b/s. rooms or s/c flat. Box 1946.

SEVENOAKS (nr Knole Park). Divan-room with kitchenette, 3½ gns. S/c flatlet 4 gns., also lge s/c. garden flat 6 gns. Tel. Orpington 21344.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont.

TWO girls, graduates preferred, wanted to share large flat near Finchley Rd. £2 10s. MAI. 3031.

TWO recently dec. unfurn./partly furn. rooms to let in quiet house Winchmore Hill. All convs. Suitable bus. or prof. lady Tel. evgs after 6 p.m. PAL. 0193.

4TH girl reqd share lge, pleasant SW1 flat. Own room. 50s. Box 2126.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG business woman seeks accommodation, self and piano. Bedsit., kit. furn./unfurn. Box 2007.

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PROFESSIONAL woman reqs quiet pleasant furn. flat. Mod. rent. Box 2005.

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17th Cent. Essex cottage. 4 bed, 3 recep. Garage. All mains, £2,000 for quick sale. Ring Stebbing 305.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

TWO young artists welcome guests in their Cornish home overlooking Sennen Cove and fishing village. Terms 7-9 gns. John Miller, Trelogan, Sennen, Penzance.

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SUSSEX. Lamb Hse, Chapel Hill, Lewes, 1773. Delightful rms, brkfst, Din. opt.

HAVE you considered us for Easter, weekends, holidays? Also informal Continental microbus land cruises. Reculver Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent.

COTSWOLD'S climate kinder. Tower House Hotel, Woodchester, Glos. C.h., log fires, gd food, comf rms, h. & c., fine parkland w. magnificent views. 8-11 gns.

FLORENCE. Quiet sunny rooms, all comforts, exquisite cooking, near centre of town, full pension 2,500 lire. Half pension 2,000 lire. Signora A. Orlandi, V. Benedetto Marcello 57, Firenze, Italy.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Keryvoon Hotel. From 30s. (June 25s.). Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2.

Box Office: Tel. COVent Garden 1066.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

8, 10 & 13 Feb. at 7.30 — Lucia di Lammermoor
12 Feb. at 7.30 — The Tales of Hoffmann

THE ROYAL BALLET

9 Feb. at 7.30 — La Fille Mal Gardée, Facade
11 Feb. at 7.30 — Pineapple Poll, Les Rendezvous, Petrushka
13 Feb. at 2.15 — Les Sylphides, La Fille Mal Gardée

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30

9 & 13 Feb. — The Merry Widow
10 & 12 Feb. — The Moon and Sixpence
11 Feb. — The Marriage of Figaro

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Th. Sat. 5.0. 'A Moon for the Misbegotten'. Mems.

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr Cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 3rd week 13th ed. Mems.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR 5973. Today 5, 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'The Lily White Boys'.

TOWER. Season starts 19 Feb. - 'Bacchae' in new trans., 'The Jew of Malta' by Marlowe, 'Purple Dust' by O'Casey (first London perf.), and 'Bridge of Sighs' by Thomas Muschamp (1959 C. H. Foyle 1st prizewinner). Details and booking from CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Bloomsday'. 'Outstanding success', extended till 21 Feb. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' adapted by J. Roose Evans. 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 Feb.

CONCERTS

BACH - Mass in B Minor. Hampstead Choral Society, Goldsbrough Orch., Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. Soloists: Noelle Barker, Janet Baker, Wilfrid Brown, John Noble. Royal Festival Hall, Mon., 15 Feb. at 8. Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. (WATerloo 3191).

CARL Dolmetsch Recorder Recital, Wigmore Hall, Monday, 8 February, 6.30. With Joseph Saxby, York Bowen & Aeolian Quartet. Philidor, Abel, Scarlatti, etc. Arnold Cooke first perf. 4s. to 10s. Hall & at Chappell's, New Bond St.

PROMETHEUS Ensemble, Victoria & Albert Museum, this Sunday at 7.30 p.m. Quartet for Oboe & Strings (Mozart); Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115 (Brahms); Nonet in F, Op. 31 (Spohr). 10s., 7s. 6d., 4s., Ibbs & Tillett Ltd (WEL. 8418) and Agents. (At Museum from 6.15 p.m. on Sunday).

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Japanese Film Season. Until 7 Feb: Kurosawa's 'Living'. From 8 Feb.: London premiere, Ichikawa's 'The Burmese Harp' (A).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group, Today Sat., 6 Feb., 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., guests 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

DRAGON Ball & Party - Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2. Sat., 13 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Organisers guarantee the Pleasures of the Dance - the Fun of the party. Cabaret, Chinese food etc. Tickets 6s. 6d. BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

EXHIBITIONS

SOVIET Book Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall, 6-19 February, arranged by the British Council for the Soviet Ministry of Culture. Open daily 2-10 p.m. Free.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the thirteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 2 March 1960. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art Dept, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

WATERCOLOURS from Whitworth Gallery, Manchester University, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square. Last day Sat. 10-6; Adm. 1s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Henrion: 'Things and Symbols' - exhibition of a general consultant designer's work. Until 5 March. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s., members free. Library: Eric Finlay - graphic work. Until 27 February.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St, W1. The Human Figure: African, Asian, European sculptures and paintings.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Bakic - sculptures, Picelj - paintings, Srnec - paintings. Yugoslav Artists, till 29 February, 10-6.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Stone Age Paintings from Castellon. Till 27 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Christian Berard — Paintings & Watercolours. Until 20 Feb. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture. 6 Duke Street, St James's.

OLAF Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11. Paintings, drawings, antiques, furniture for sale & wanted. Colour planning. PARk 1403. (Closed Thurs.).

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Ptgs: McCannell & Daniels.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhibition, 8 Feb. Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders. Daily incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw: Oils. Graham Sutherland: Early gouaches. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.).

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Trevor Bell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. C. Bentovim, Timothy Holliday, Peter H. Lucas. Paintings & Drawings. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. 1st exhib. paintings Sonia Lawson & Olwyn Bowey. 5-27 Feb.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NEW LEFT REVIEW CLUB
(formerly ULR Club)

Monday, 8 February, 7.30 for 8 p.m.,
GUY CLUTTON-BROCK:
'NEW DEAL FOR NYASALAND',
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1 (2 mins. Warren St Tube). Mems. 1s., non-members 2s. 6d.

SCOTT HOLLAND LECTURES, 1960

Four lectures on 'Social Catholicism in France' by The Revd. A. R. Vidler, DD, Dean of King's College, Cambridge. 5.30 p.m. on Mondays, 8, 15, 22 & 29 February at King's College, Strand, London, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNITED Nations Association, Chelsea Branch. February meeting, Monday, 8 February, 1960 at 36 Lower Sloane Street, SW1, at 8 p.m. Captain J. Litchfield, RN, MP for Chelsea will give an address on International Problems. All members and others interested are invited to attend. Monthly Meetings - Second Monday each month at 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1, 8 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society - Today, 6 Feb. at 2.45 p.m. Harry Thomas, 'Humanism in Education', at 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

DOES it matter what I believe?' Speaker: Ben W. Vincent. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 6.30 p.m., Sun. 7 Feb.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'CONQUEST of Space', in English, the 2nd Lecture of the Year, by Professor Alla Masevich (Vice-President of Astronomical Council of the USSR Academy of Sciences Moscow). Presented by The Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR. Intro by Patrick Moore, FRAS. Illustrated by a special film of Soviet Sputniks and Space Rockets. Royal Festival Hall, Tomorrow, Sat., 6 Feb. at 2.30 p.m. Tickets 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s. from Box Office (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents. Also at Town Hall, Birmingham, Mon., 8 Feb., 7.30; 12s. 6d., 10s., 8s. 6d.; 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Central 2392); Colston Hall, Bristol, Tues., 9 Feb., 7.30; 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Bristol 21768 & 23885); Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Fri., 12 Feb., 7 p.m.; 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Blackfriars 3281). Reductions for school parties.

DIRECT Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4. STA. 7062. Brixton to Holloway March, Sat., 13 February. To coincide with release of the Direct Action Committee. Assemble 10 a.m. outside Brixton Prison.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. Roger Coleman, 'The Top Tens of the Fifties', a look at Jazz and Pop music of the 50's. Audio-visual illustrations. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Tues., 9 Feb., 8.15. Adm. 3s., members 1s. 6d. Jazz: Personal Choice - Beryl Bryden. King Oliver - Brian Rust. Wed., 10 Feb., 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d., members 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Carol Johnson, MP: The Future of the Labour Party - 2. 10 Feb., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

NLR Principles of Socialism Study Group. Imperialism: Hanza Alavi. Sun., 7 Feb., 3 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

WHO should go to the Universities? Norman Morris, Lecturer in Education, Manchester University, speaks to Education Group, British Sociological Assocn, 13 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. 8.15 p.m., Thurs., 11 Feb. Chair: O. R. McGregor.

CARDIFF (Fridays), Gloucester (Saturdays) fortnightly from 12-13 Feb. Fabian lectures on Socialism in the Sixties. John Diamond, Ritchie Calder, Shirley Williams, Reg Prentice. Dets from Miss Morris, 102 Cathedral Road, Cardiff, or Mr Wilton, 4 Tuffley Lane, Gloucester.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Dreiser, Sister Carrie: Ken Mills. 11 Feb., 8 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 5 Feb., 8 p.m., Denys Sutton: 'Visiting Art Treasures in Russia'. Fri., 12 Feb., 8 p.m., Beatrice King: 'Changes in Soviet Education', Chair: H. Raymond King. At Vanbrugh Theatre, Malet St, WC1, Sun., 7 Feb. 3 p.m., Chekhov Centenary in assoc. with RADA (by reservation only).

COLLET'S Talks. Sir Charles Snow on 'Education in the USSR, USA & Britain', Friday 19 February, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1. 2s. Collet's, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq, W1. Fri. 5 Feb., 5.30 p.m. sharp, Dick Freeman: 'The Road to Peace'. Fri. 12 Feb., 5.45 p.m. Trevor Lusby 'The Future Co-op'. All school stud. welc.

POETRY with Music - New Jewish Society, Wed., 10 Feb. at 8 p.m., New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern St, W1.

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London) Thurs., 11 Feb., 7.30 p.m., Rm 17, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Ian Campbell: Report on Tunis Confer. of All-African Peoples. Ad. 1s. 6d.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. Approach to Biography: illustrations of the biographer's technique. 14 Portman St, W1, Sun., 7 Feb., 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

'HAPPINESS & Suffering - a practical approach to Man's fundamental problem'. An important talk by the Venerable Bhikku Pannavaddho, Spiritual Head of the British Buddhist Movement. The New Fundamentalists (non-sect.), Thursday, 11 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, St James' Park Underg. Station. Admn 3s. 6d., members 2s.

THE Splinter Group, Conway Hall, Thurs. 11 Feb., 7.30. 'Racial Prejudice'. Visitors 3s. 6d.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 7 Feb. Dr John Kelnar: 'The New Approach to Mental Health'. Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

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U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1). Communication Research Centre. Professor W. G. Hellinga (Amsterdam) will give a public Lecture entitled 'The Speech of Deaf Children' at 5.30 p.m. on Monday, 15 February. Admission Free, Without Ticket.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 9 Feb. 'Painting since the War' by Mr Andrew Forge; 11 Feb. 'Man and his setting in Greek Art' by Professor C. M. Robertson.

'FOUNDATIONS of Modern Hebrew Literature' - two lectures by David Patterson, MA. (Cowley Lecturer in Post-Biblical Hebrew, Oxford) on Sundays, 7 & 21 Feb. at 4.30 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (opp. Lord's). All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture Wed., 10 Feb., 6.30: 'Ethics for the Layman'. Frank Jackson. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT. 1313.

CONWAY Discns. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 9 Feb. Dr D. Stark Murray. 'Mental Health. I - The Ministry of Medical Practice'.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 12 Feb., 8.30. 'Norman House: A Practical Approach to the Resettlement of Offenders'. Merfyn Turner, BA. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public lecture. Free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 7 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Are Young People Abominable?' H. J. Blackham.

'THE Importance of Dreams'. Public Lect. 7 Feb., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD 0688.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tuesdays, 7.30, Discourse. Thurs., 11 Feb., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Vedanta and Science'. Mag. 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

HIGH WICK TRAINING COURSE

Applications are invited for the Second Course commencing in September, 1960. The two-year course covers theoretical and practical training for the care and treatment of emotionally disturbed children. Applicants should have had previous experience or relevant qualifications. Applications to the Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge, (NS) High Wick, Tyttenhanger, Near St Albans, Herts, by 31 March, 1960.

THE University of Southampton offers vacancies in the One Year Certificate course in Social Casework beginning October 1960. This course leads to a professional qualification for an Almoner, Child Care Officer, Family Caseworker, Psychiatric Social Worker and Probation Officer. It is available to men and women who already possess a basic qualification in Social Studies. The University also offers courses leading to the basic qualification in Social Studies. Degree (31 January preceding the October session in which entry is sought is the last date of application for admission to the Degree course), Diploma or Certificate. Particulars and application forms for all courses, as well as for two Exhibitions offered by the University for the basic Social Studies Certificate course may be obtained from The Academic Registrar, The University of Southampton.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for conversation (3) Translation Courses. Send for prospectus, Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES etc.—cont on p.203

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